

Frank Cravens,

From

Mother

Feb 22, 1933

THE ADVENTURE OF
THE HEREAFTER



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The Adventure of the Hereafter

BY
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"The Visible God," "The Millennium Bible,"
"How Can God Answer Prayer?" "Evangelism,"
And Other Writings.

(See Printed List in rear, on page 175)



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TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER AND
OTHER LOVED ONES
WHO ARE NOW
BEYOND THE VEIL

FOREWORD

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

It is for this reason that all of us are deeply interested in what we may expect "beyond the veil" in the Great Beyond. If we are not to write over our cemeteries as they did in the days of the French Revolution "Death is an Eternal Sleep," and most assuredly we are not, then into what sort of an existence are we to enter when we have survived the chemical change called Death?

We have called this book, "The Adventure of the Hereafter." In a sense it is not an adventure. The darkness into which the unbeliever goes is as certain as the glory that awaits the believer, but the exact conditions and experiences awaiting the one as well as the other are not so clearly revealed. In this sense the going into the Unseen is an adventure.

This adventure, for the unbeliever, is just what Thomas Hobbes, the noted infidel, called it in his dying moments, "A fearful leap into the dark." But the Christian, thank God, knows that, while there is much for him that is not clearly revealed, every step he takes, every experience awaiting him is but a further entrance into the fullness of joy and glory forevermore.

Here is a mother with her heavy heart; word has come that her brave boy has fallen on some distant

battlefield; or perhaps she stands before his lifeless body mangled to death in some gruesome wreck. We know too well the questions that arise. What would she not give to know—to know with certainty—the answer to these insistent longings of her soul. Where is my boy? This bruised and mangled clay is not he. Where has that gone which lived but a few hours ago in this now pulseless heart; that looked out from behind these now sightless eyes and called me “Mother”? Does he really still exist? Is he conscious still in that land of the Unseen? Does he know what transpires here? Shall I meet him and know him there? Does he intercede with his Lord for me, and can I ask of God anything for him? And many are the other questions that arise.

X Some things of this nature the Scriptures clearly reveal, but as for others we are left wholly to such inference as may be legitimately gathered from the general trend of Scripture teaching. Perhaps you are saying, “Why conjecture, why infer where Scripture is silent or is not clear?” My answer is this: If there is any comfort in it why should the sorrowing, questioning soul not have it if such inference is reasonable and does violence in no way to what the Scriptures really do teach; the more so if such inference be in harmony with the spirit and general trend of what the Scriptures do reveal?

That the reader will find encouragement to some somewhat unusual beliefs the author freely admits. Unusual doubtless because our religious leaders have given them so little thought, and this in turn doubtless because they are in no way essential to the great plan of salvation as based upon “the Faith once for all delivered to the saints.” With these essentials, every one of which the author firmly believes, this volume

does not deal. It has only attempted, and this very imperfectly he is sure, to bring some reasonable comfort out of the Word and out of the eternal fitness of things to those who have sorrowed deeply and to whom the not far away Hereafter has been all too unnecessarily a dismal, disturbing question mark. It is the author's earnest prayer that all such into whose hands Providence may direct this volume may find something of help and encouragement for the life that now is here, and much that is assuring and satisfying for the life that is to be Hereafter.

W. E. B.

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WHAT IS
DEATH?

The Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock wrote the following verses some years ago. A copy of them, signed with his initials, was received on a certain Saturday by the Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard, of Norwalk, Connecticut, one of the Secretaries of the American Missionary Association, in a letter from Dr. Babcock. On the same day, in an attack of acute melancholia, Dr. Babcock, by opening his veins, killed himself at Naples, Italy.

“Why be afraid of death? As though your life were breath.
Death but anoints the eyes with clay. Oh glad surprise!

“Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you be afraid to meet the thresher of the wheat?

“Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you wake and rise here, or beyond the skies.

“Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not run home with happy shout when school is out?

“The dear ones left behind? O foolish one and blind;
A day and you will meet; a night and you will greet.

“This is the death of Death: To breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife, and taste the endless life.

“And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear;
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the best.”

THE ADVENTURE OF THE HEREAFTER

WHAT IS DEATH?

"For the living know that they shall die."—Ecclesiastes 9:5.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment."—Hebrews 9:27.

WHEN one begins to think of his possible experience after death it is but natural to stop and contemplate death itself.

What a mysterious thing death is! It is a silent unsurveyed land into which no scientist or philosopher has ever been able to push his way. "Every avenue of approach" as Drummond says, "seems darkened by impenetrable shadow." No man by searching can find it out. What is death? Well, after all, what death is depends upon what life is.

But what a mysterious thing life is! Its Inventor needs no patent because no one else knows how to make it. Its mysterious quality eludes us. The great Queen of England offered millions to her physicians for a little more of life, but her millions couldn't buy it, and the great Queen had to die.

Science tells us that life is correspondence with environment; that is, in vital connection with it. You can plaster a stone into bulk but you cannot make it breathe and grow. It has no life. To be in active and vital correspondence with environment means to live. The environment of the eye is light; that of the ear is sound.

If because of disease or accident the eye no longer responds to light, nor the ear to the music of the birds, these organs lose their life. They are no longer living, but dead. But finally something central snaps and the whole organism collapses. The lungs refuse to respond to their environment, the air, and the heart to the blood, and we say the thing (for it is a thing now) is dead.

This explanation of life and death from a physical standpoint is perhaps as good as can be made. But surely this is not all there is in either the one or the other. Is it not true after all that both life and death, in their real significance, depend upon what man is.

But what a mystery man is! Surely when we think of a man it is not his physical contour, the color of his hair and eyes and his avoirdupois we are thinking about. It is that which makes him what he is, another strange, elusive something.

What is it that makes a man? A noted analytical authority tells us that in the average man there are the constituent parts of 1200 eggs, iron enough to make two ten penny nails; phosphorous enough to make the tips of 4000 matches; fat enough to make 75 candles and a good sized cake of soap; hydrogen enough to fill a balloon and carry him above the clouds; six teaspoons full of salt; a bowl of sugar, and six gallons of water! To all of which Dr. Charles Mayo, the renowned surgeon, adds, "Lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop; magnesium enough to make a dose of magnesia; potassium enough to explode a toy cannon, and sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas; the value of all of which is said to be about ninety-nine cents."

But is that all there is in a man? If that is all, then man, as Dr. Mayo says, is worth a little less than a dollar. If that is all there is in a man then he is just

as good when dead as when alive. But we know that is not all there is in a man.

When you find yourself in the dimly lighted death-chamber standing before the lifeless clay of some dead loved one there comes always the inevitable question, "What has happened to him?" And by "him" you do not mean the dead and unresponsive form before you. You mean that which in other days animated this now lifeless body; looked out from behind those sightless eyes; listened through those soundless ears, and expressed itself in the smiling lips or frowning brow of the now expressionless face of the newly dead. It is a "something" that lies before you. It is a "somebody" who has gone.

When God created man He breathed into him the breath of life and made him a living soul after the likeness of his Creator. Man knows that his body is not himself.

What is he? What am I? "I" is a little word but it is a wonderful word and a mysterious one. It is not my body for I have had a dozen different bodies since I was born, but "I" am still the same. It is not my brain, for I have had a dozen different brains since the days of my babyhood, and yet here I am the same "I" I have always been and remembering things that I thought and said and did with brains that went out of existence a generation ago. No, memory insists on being heard just here, and I have only to think back a bit through my past experiences to have the unquestioning assurance that I am a permanent, mysterious, unchanging spiritual being within this ever-changing body of mine and behind this ever-changing brain. Nothing can ever rob me of this irresistible conviction.

It is this "I" that goes out at death. Or does it go, and if so, where? We must find the right answer to

this question before we can really understand the true meaning of either Life or Death. Yes, this "I" really does at death go out from the whole bodily organism. Of this every one is absolutely sure. But does it persist? That is the great question. It has survived the passing away of every part of the body a dozen times. Will it survive the final passing away of the whole body at death? Am I to be the same thinking, loving, willing "I" in all the ages of eternity that I have been in the age from which I emerge in death? If I am not to be, then death means for each and every one of us one and the same thing.

Alexander the Great once came upon Diogenes and found him looking intently at a parcel of human bones, and asked the philosopher what he was looking for, and Diogenes replied, "That which I cannot find; the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

No, man will not—he cannot—believe that death ends all.

"Thou madest man; he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die."

"You can catch my body," said Socrates, "but you cannot catch my soul, myself, to bury me." Where did the old pagan philosopher get that? He had no Christian's Bible. Did he philosophize his way into it? Yes, but better still than that was the revelation of the self within him.

This *inborn instinct* has been the sacred possession of all humanity's heart. All down the ages it has come.

"They that in barbarian burials killed the slave and slew the wife,
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life."

This "voice within" is also yours. But you have what Socrates did not have. *Science speaks.* John Fiske, the master scientist, declares, "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption in all the history of scientific thought." That helps some. Then *the finest philosophy* of the day has become a star of hope dispelling the gloom that once shrouded the grave with midnight darkness. And that helps some. But best of all you have *the sure revelation of Christ Himself.*

With these four voices speaking, what do you really think about the question? When the body returns to the dust whence it came, will the soul go on? When brain and nerves and heart cease to function, and all the world that now is, with lifeless stars and dying suns, is swept away into nothingness, will this "I" still continue to be "I," and will it, as the ages of eternity roll on, continue to say "I" and "me" and "mine," and to function even as it does today. And I know you are saying, "Yes,"—emphatically, "Yes."

When John Quincy Adams was more than eighty years old he met one day in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said, "Good morning! How is John Quincy Adams today?"

"Thank you," was the ex-president's reply, "John Quincy Adams is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. The house in which he lives is becoming quite dilapidated. It's tottering upon its foundation. Time has nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost unfit to live in, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon, but John Quincy Adams, himself, thank you, is quite well, sir; thank you, quite well."

And the tottering old sixth president of the United States moved on with the help of his cane. It was not long after that he had his second and fatal stroke of paralysis in the Capitol at Washington, and he said, "This is the last of earth, but I am content," because he knew it was the beginning of the great adventure in the long ages of Eternity.

Assuming now for the moment that it is a Christian who is dying, what a different aspect all this gives to the experience we call Death. Instead of the end it is really the beginning, and the one who is closing his eyes in death is already opening them into a larger, fuller life.

Death is not, as Moschus puts it in his mournful "Elegy on Man,"

"A sleep profound—A long, unconscious, never-ending sleep."

In fact, it is not a sleep at all. It is, as Walter Scott put it, "the last and final awakening." It is but the gateway through which, bowing, we enter into what has been called, "The Great Adventure of the Hereafter."

"There is no death; what seems so is transition."

Then why should we be afraid of death? Most of us are. You say it is quite natural to shrink from it. Yes, but ought we be so *much* afraid? It would be altogether natural if we did not know—if we did not have the Christian's faith and hope.

Have you ever imagined how Adam and Eve must have felt when the first day was ending and the first dark night was falling round about them? I wonder if they were not afraid. Just put yourself in their place. Was this the end? Where then the reason for

all the beauties and the wonders of the day? Yes, where the reason for life itself? And then, Lo, the miracle! And that which happened cannot better be told than in the verse of Blanco White:

“Hesperus, with the host of heaven came
 And Lo! Creation widened on man’s view;
 Who could have thought such marvels lay concealed
 Behind thy beams, O Sun? Or who could find,
 Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind?
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife;
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?”

It’s just like that with death. As darkness deepened round the primal pair there shone above the greater glories of a new and more wonderful world which the light of day had hidden. And so there are glories this life cannot reveal, and death is but the veil. Why, therefore, should we fear it? For the eyes that close in the darkness of death will open on “a light that never was on sea or land.” If you have this faith you can,

“approach the grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

No, the Christian does not need to be afraid. When the great infidel Hobbes was dying he said, “I am taking a fearful leap into the dark.” But if any child of God ever felt like that it has been because he forgot not only “the voice within,” but the voice of Christ telling him out of the Scriptures that he need not fear the plunge he feels he is about to take.

Do you remember the gallant Don Quixote and how the sentence of a terrible death was passed upon him? He was to hang suspended by his wrists with blind-

folded eyes over a yawning chasm and then the rope was to be severed. No wonder he was in awful terror of the awful plunge into the tremendous abyss beneath him. But he did not know he was hanging from the stable window, and when Maritornes laughingly cut the rope the terrible drop took place, and the gallant Knight fell—just four inches to the ground! Dear child of God, if you have any fear of death it is as groundless as that of the terrified Knight whom Cervantes has made famous in his fiction.

But what of the man who is “without hope and without God in the world?” For him, indeed, it is that “fearful leap into the dark” that infidel Hobbes said he was taking. And what is that darkness?

Now we come again to definitions. We have just finished talking about life, but not the kind of life we were dealing with when our inquiry first began. That was physical life; this has been spiritual. We have been talking about the life of the soul, or of the spirit, if you prefer to put it that way. But if there is such a thing as spiritual life do we not naturally expect to find its antithesis in spiritual death?

What then is spiritual life and what is spiritual death? Once more science speaks and says it is correspondence with environment—that is, of course, spiritual environment in this case. To be in correspondence with this environment is spiritual life; not to be is spiritual death.

Man is most alive of all living things. A stone responds to no environment. It is dead. It never had life. A tree responds to a very narrow environment; the soil, the sunshine and the moisture. It is the least alive of all living things. A bird responds to a wider environment; the babbling brook, the bending bough, the insect, and the love song of its mate. A bird is

more alive than a tree. But it too, like the tree is dead to many things. As we rise, however, in the scale of life we find more of life and less of death. Man enters into environment and a hundred things the bird never sees appeal to him. It would seem that he corresponds to the whole of environment. But does he? No, in general he does not. There is a spiritual world and the things of this world the natural man does not understand. This world presents an environment to which man in general is a stranger. He does not respond to it. He is dead to it, spiritually dead. Give this environment a name and call it God, and change the word "correspondence" to "communion" and you have exactly that concept which the Word of God defines as Spiritual Death.

Let us now see where death came from according to the Scriptures. It is said that "through one man sin entered into the world and death by sin." Going back, then, to the first mention of death in the Bible, we find man in his primitive condition enjoying the most intimate communion with God. But God had told him that in the day he sinned he would die. Adam had never seen anybody die. He had never seen a human being turn pale and gasp for breath and fail to get it, and he either wondered what God meant, or he knew that primarily it meant an interruption of his fellowship with his God. Well, Adam sinned, and in that day he died.

What happened? His communion with God was broken. When he heard the voice of God he ran away and hid himself. He was out of correspondence with his spiritual environment. He was out of communion with God. He was spiritually dead. Physical death came also and this sentence was being carried out all the days of Adam's life, *as it is in yours and mine*, until

it was finally and fully executed in the separation of his spirit from his body. As physical death is the separation of the spirit from the body, so spiritual death is the separation of the spirit from God.

You can now understand what the Scripture means when it says, "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." You can understand what it means when it says, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

But, now, listen. Spiritual death is not the same as Eternal death. Eternal death comes only when physical death takes place before the spirit, dead in trespasses and sins, is quickened into life by the regenerating work of the Spirit of God. What Eternal death means to the soul no one can fully know until he finds himself ushered out into its awful experience. But, Oh, why will men die! Why will they choose death rather than life!

Small wonder the wicked man fears death. "When a wicked man dieth his expectation shall perish." "Terrors shall make him afraid on every side and shall chase him at the heels. He shall be driven from light into darkness and chased out of the world, and he shall be brought to the King of Terrors."

Small wonder that infidel Thomas Hobbes cried in death, "I am taking a fearful leap into the dark!" Small wonder that Queen Elizabeth said, "I would give millions if I did not have to die!" Small wonder that Mirabeau cried, "Give me more laudanum; I don't want to think of eternity!" Small wonder that Edward Gibbon, the noted atheist, cried, "All is dark and doubtful!" Small wonder that Charles the Ninth, the bloody tyrant, cried, "I know not where I am. I am lost forever, I know it!"

But "The souls of the righteous are in the hands

of God; there shall no torment touch them." Small wonder that dear old Moody cried, "Earth is receding; heaven is opening; God is calling!" Small wonder that John Pawson said, "I know I am dying, but my death-bed is a bed of roses." Small wonder that Bishop Haven cried, "Oh, this delightful dying! So pleasant, so beautiful!" Small wonder that Joseph Everett dying shouted, "Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!" Small wonder that to the genuine Christian, the one who has found spiritual life in Christ, death is welcome, and in a sense is desired. To be "absent from the body" is to be "present with the Lord," and this, says Paul, "is far better."

Yes, there are two ways to die. A voice from heaven said, "Blessed are the dead who *die in the Lord*," and Jesus said, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall *die in your sins*."

In Christ, thank God, the Christian is safe. You know, when a bee stings any one it can never sting any one else. It leaves its stinger in the one it stings and is harmless ever after. And the reason why the child of God can cry, "O death, where is thy sting?" is because death left its sting in Jesus when He paid the penalty for your sin and mine on the Cross at Calvary. He tasted death for every man, but, thank God, in doing it, "He abolished death and brought life and immortality to light."

I know that some men curl their lips in scorn at this. Clarence Darrow in his insult to William Jennings Bryan, the great Commoner, who in his day was the one greatest force for righteousness in all the world, called it "a fool religion." It was at the trial of Scopes at Dayton, Tennessee. But the day will come when this arch-atheist and others of his kind will discover who the real fools have been after all.

Fool Religion! while there is not a square mile of territory on God's whirling earth where human life is safe, where old-age is honored, womanhood respected, and infant life held in due regard but that this religion went there first, laid the foundations of civilization and made these things possible!

Fool Religion! while thousands of our choicest youth, noble missionaries of the Cross, have gone and are going in its name over distant seas, through sacrifice that shames the common run of men, to carry the glad story of One Who saves from sin to the benighted slaves of ignorance and lust and superstition!

Fool Religion! while the world's greatest paintings, and sculptures, and oratorios and orations have all had the gentle Jesus for their inspiration, and the world's greatest statesmen and poets and scholars of every kind have been pleased to bow in humble worship at His feet!

Fool Religion! while a million martyrs seal in ghastly torture and bloody death through dungeon, fire, and sword their faith in the Christ Who gave it to them!

Fool Religion! while the gray-haired, broken-hearted mother kneels by the bedside of her dying boy and commends him to the mercy of God through the atoning blood of Jesus, while she hears the preacher from the village church bid her through the Sacred Page to "sorrow not as others who have no hope."

(Fool Religion! while you kiss the chilly lips and press the icy hand in vain, and see the last gleam of consciousness fade from the eyes, and yet know, thank God, that just beyond the sunset's radiant glow there is a brighter and a better land where all tears are wiped away and loved ones meet again to part no more.)

Fool Religion!

" 'There is no God,' the fool hath said;
 But none, 'There is no sorrow';
 And nature oft in bitter need,
 The cry of faith must borrow.
 Eyes which the preacher could not school,
 By wayside graves are raised,
 And lips cry, 'God be merciful,'
 Which ne'er said, 'God be praised.' " *

Fool Religion! Oh, men and women, we must all die. It will not be long until they say of you and of me, "He is dead." The casket and the shroud which is to be yours or mine may even now be in the undertaker's stock, and the pall-bearers who are to carry our lifeless bodies to the grave may even now be among the friends we are daily meeting on the street. Which death is going to be yours? How are you going to die? Are you going to "die in the Lord," or are you going to "die in your sins"? Why take any risk with that immortal "I," that immortal "self" of yours, that soul of which Jesus Christ asks the tremendous question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Fool Religion! Somewhere I have read the story of a king who gave to his fool one day a walking stick and said, "If you ever find a greater fool than yourself, give it to him." Years passed on while the jester kept the stick. One day the king was dying and he called the fool into his room, and said,

"I am going on a long journey; 'Good-bye'."

"And where are you going?" said the fool, "and when will you return?"

"I am going," said the king, "into a far country, and alas! I shall never come back."

* Mrs. Robert Browning.

"And, pray," said the fool, "what provision have you made for a journey like that?"

"None whatever," said the king, "none whatever."

"Then," said the fool, "you had better take this stick, for with all my folly I am not so great a fool as you."

Fool Religion!!

"The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, 'Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!'

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose; 'O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
'Be merciful to me, a fool!'"

WHERE ARE
THE DEAD?

“From morn ’til eve they struggled—life and death.

At first it seemed to me as though in mirth

They contended; as foes of equal worth.

But when the sharp red sun cut through its
sheath of Western clouds,

I saw death’s grip tighten and bear the radiant
form of life to earth;

And suddenly both antagonists downward fell.

And then, O wonder of wonders! Marvel of
marvels!

When I went to the spot where both antagonists
had fallen,

I could not find the body that I sought;

But one form was there—the dark, lone form
of death—

And it was dead!”

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

“Man dieth, and where is he?”—Job 14:10.

THIS is just a more refined way of putting Arthur Brisbane's question, “Where do we go from here?” This is the universal question of the ages. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down.

You may recall that Andrew Carnegie offered \$1,000,000.00 to any one who would prove to his satisfaction the reality of a life beyond this one. And someone handed me a clipping from a newspaper about that time, telling how some garrulous, shallow-minded, so-called Free-Thinker in the city of Toledo was laughing at the Church because of her impotency to furnish the proof. He said:

“I marvel that all the ministers in Christendom do not rush to Carnegie's door and claim the prize. Is the Church so rich that she does not need the money, or is she so poor in faith that she dare not accept the offer? Or is it because all the priests and preachers are hypocrites, offering something for which they know they cannot furnish any proof?”

But to clamp down the eyelids and then offer a huge reward for light gives guarantee only of continued darkness.

The other life will be real enough when once we are in it.

Some people will not tolerate any hereafter at all. Others want it all one way; they are quite ready to believe there is a heaven for the righteous, but no hell

for the wicked; a reward for the one but no retribution for the other.

This is a thing worth being sure about. They tell us that Robert Ingersoll was one time delivering his famous lecture on "Hell." He told his audience all about it—how unscientific it was—and how all intelligent people had decided that there was no such thing at all. And when the lecture was over, a fellow in the rear of the room, with one or two more drinks than he could well carry, managed to get to the front, and said, "Bob, I liked your lecture; I liked what you said about hell; but, Bob, I want you to be sure about it, 'cause I'm depending on you."

Well, what about it? "Man dieth and where is he?" Where are the dead? Where do we go from here?

Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. But where is that?

Dives lifted up his eyes in Hades being in torment. But where is that?

The penitent thief went straight into Paradise from the Cross. But where is that?

Judas went to his own place. But where is that?

Of course we must go to the Bible for our answer. Science is supposed to deal only with that which it knows and can, therefore, do us no good here. A matter of this kind is beyond the range of human investigation. Speculative philosophy may mislead us. At any rate it cannot speak with the voice of authority. We must, therefore, go to the only source of authoritative knowledge we can possibly have with regard to the pertinent question before us.

Thank God for millions of the brainiest and best people of the world who still believe the Bible. It is difficult, indeed, to have patience with these small-bored professors and pulpiteers who throw up their

hands in the presence of the so-called Higher Critics, who are seeking to rob us of the sure testimony of the eternal Word of God.

The destructive critics of our day always cause my mind to revert to the story of the Irishman highway robber. He pulled his gun on a man and said:

"Your money or your life!"

And the man said, "I will tell you what I will do; I will give you all the money I've got for that gun."

"Shure," said Pat, "it's an even trade."

And when the swap was made the man said, "Now, you hand that money back, or I will blow out your brains!"

"Well, bedad, you can blow away," said Pat, "there's devil a bit of powder in the ould thing!"

And so these would-be destroyers of God's Word rush upon us with their big-muzzled and scarry-looking weapons, *but never loaded*; and the pity of it is, that up go the hands of our weakling defenders of the Faith and they surrender bag and baggage.

"Oh yes," we hear them say, "we're with you; we never did believe very much in that Genesis story of creation anyway; we've always had our doubts about the story of Jonah and the whale; and about the Virgin Birth, and a lot of other things in the Bible."

And then these men, who one day professed to have been called of God to "contend earnestly for the Faith once for all delivered to the saints" begin to enlarge themselves at the chest and to class themselves with the scientists and the so-called "Intellectuals,"—the "Intelligentsia," and call the rest of us "Obscurantists," "Reactionaries," "Medievalists," and the unenlightened in general.

But the Old Book still lives!

“Hammer away, ye rebel bands;
Your hammers break
God’s Anvil stands!”

So to the Word!

It is very evident that when Jesus died on the Cross He did not go at once to heaven. This is made plain by His words to Mary Magdalene on the morning of His resurrection, when He said to her, “Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father!” (John 20:17.)

Where, then, did He go? It is plain enough that He went at once to Paradise, because He said to the thief who died with Him, “This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” (Luke 23:43.)

What a day for the dying thief! A condemned malefactor in the forenoon; a railing blasphemer in the afternoon; a redeemed spirit in Paradise before sunset! He must have sung, “Hallelujah, what a Saviour!”

But where was Paradise? Paradise was a Greek word used to denote the dwelling place of the righteous dead. It was the upper part, the heavenly part, the glorious part of Hades.

But where was Hades? Hades was a Greek word used to denote the dwelling place of the dead in general, both good and bad. It is the same word in Greek as the word “Sheol” in Hebrew. Hades had two compartments, so to speak; the lower part for the wicked dead, and the upper part, the glorious part, known as Paradise, for the righteous dead. We are speaking now, of course, only of the *souls* of the departed.

It was, then, into Hades, into the upper part of it, into the glorious, the heavenly part of it, that Jesus went when He died; and He took the penitent thief with Him as He went.

But Paradise was not Heaven. Heaven is where the throne of God is. It is where God, the Father is; and to this place Jesus told Mary He had not as yet ascended.

When, then, did Jesus go to heaven? It is made very plain that He went to heaven forty days after His resurrection. When He ascended, two angels stood by the wondering Disciples and said, "Ye men of Galilee, Why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." (Acts 1:11.)

But when Jesus went to heaven He did not go alone. He took not only the redeemed thief with Him, but He took a multitude of other people as well. When Paul was telling about the Ascension he quoted the 68th Psalm, where it says, "When He ascended He led captivity captive." The marginal reading is, "He led captive a multitude of captives."

Who were these captives? They were the Old Testament saints who were waiting in Paradise, the heavenly part of Hades, or Sheol, as it is called in the Old Testament. These Old Testament saints in Zechariah 9:12 are called "prisoners of hope," and it is not without at least some reference to the liberation of these that Jesus in Luke 4:18 refers when quoting Isaiah 61:1, on which occasion He said, "He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Thus we see that the Old Testament saints, in fact all the saints who died before the Ascension of Christ into Heaven, went to Paradise, the glorious part of Hades.

Now, what about the saint, the Christian, who dies

today? The fact is he goes straight to the place where Christ now is, that is, to Heaven.

Two verses make this very clear. One is Philippians 1:23, where Paul says he has "a desire to depart and to be with Christ," and the other is II Corinthians 5:8, where he says, "We are willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." These two verses settle the matter. To depart is to be with Christ. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. And since the Lord, since Christ, has gone into Heaven, that too is to be the Christian's glorious destination when he says "Good-bye" to the friends and dear ones of this earth.

There is no going to the Old Testament Paradise, no waiting in Hades, for the saint who dies today. The Westminster Confession of Faith puts it rightly when it says, "The souls of believers do immediately pass into glory." And so Stephen, when he was stoned, looked steadfastly up into Heaven and saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and as they stoned him, he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Throughout the Old Testament and in the New Testament until the Ascension of Jesus the souls of both the saint and the sinner, of the believer and the unbeliever, are spoken of as going *down*, down into Hades, the saint into one part of it, the sinner into the other. And so we have Dives in the lower part of Hades calling to Lazarus in the other part, the upper part, known as Paradise, and sometimes called "Abraham's Bosom." But since the Ascension of Jesus, while the souls of the wicked are still spoken of as going *down* (down into Hades), the souls of the saints are always spoken of as going *up* (up into Heaven).

Hallelujah, what a glory awaits the dying child of

God today! No more sin, no more suffering, no more sorrow! The ceaseless wrestlings of the flesh are over, the countless snares of the Devil are gone, and it is "Good-bye" to the blasphemer, the gambler, the libertine, and to every curse that rots and damns the social structure of life today! And up, up, through the first heaven where the clouds float and the birds fly; up, up, through the second heaven where the stars shine and the planets whirl; and up, up, up, into the third heaven where the angels sing, where Christ is, and where God is, and where the lost loved ones are found again!

No wonder Paul said, "It is better to depart and to be with Christ." He knew something about it, for he had been there. He tells us in II Corinthians 12 about being "caught up into the third heaven."

This "third heaven," by the way, Paul calls "Paradise." So while there was an Old Testament Paradise up until the time of Christ's Ascension, there is also a New Testament Paradise, which is called in Revelation 2:7, "the paradise of God," and which is the same place we have in mind when speaking of Heaven.

But you will have noticed that so far we have been dealing only with the soul of the *believer*. Now, what about the soul of the *unbeliever*? That soul also went to Hades, but to the lower part of it, the place of misery where Dives went and where the Word of God informs us he was in torment. The souls of the wicked went to Hades not only until the time of the Ascension of Christ, but they have been going there ever since, and in Hades they will stay until the last trumpet sounds and they shall come forth to take their place in the resurrection of the judgement of the "great white throne," which for them is the resurrection of condemnation.

There are three false notions that are consequently set aside by this teaching which is so clearly set forth in the Word of God.

1. Soul Sleeping. Seventh Day Adventists, and certain others, want us to believe that the soul sleeps in the grave until the day of the Resurrection. The Seventh Day Adventists want us to believe that "The state to which we are reduced by death is one of silence, inactivity, and entire unconsciousness." (Fundamental Principles, page 12.)

But when Dives, the rich man who "fared sumptuously" cried out in Hades, saying "I am tormented in this flame," most certainly his soul was not in a state of "entire unconsciousness."

Jesus on the Cross said to the penitent thief, "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." A moment later, as He expired, He said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Now, what happened? It is plain to see what happened: The spirit of Jesus, as well as the spirit of the penitent thief, passed into Paradise under the care of God, while their bodies were a little later committed to the earth. It is the body that sleeps; not the soul.

2. Annihilation. This is the doctrine that the soul of the wicked ceases to exist in the moment of death. But Dives most certainly had not ceased to exist when he cried out in Hades. Then, too, if the wicked are to be judged according to their works, how could they be annihilated? For, then, they would all be judged alike regardless of their evil works. The doctrine is both unscientific and unscriptural.

3. Purgatory. Where any one ever found this doctrine in the Word of God is an enigma quite beyond any solution the writer is able to furnish. He does not mean to intimate that there is no advance for the child

of God after death, but it is the abuse of this thought against which he must make vigorous protest.

We are asked to believe that the soul of the dying saint must needs be purified through its own expiatory sufferings in the fires of Purgatory before it is fit for Heaven; and whether that soul is ever released from Purgatory and allowed to enter the Paradise of God depends altogether upon the number of prayers that are made for it and the amount of money given on its behalf by the living relatives.

But this is not the Word of God. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin," and there is no possible need of purgatorial fires for the child of God when he has once been redeemed, not by silver or gold, but by the precious blood of God's only begotten and well-beloved Son.

What about the *bodies* of the departed? We have been talking thus far only of their *souls*.

It is clear that very little is said in the Scriptures about the Intermediate state—that is, the period of time between one's death and the resurrection of the body. That the righteous dead are happy now, we are given to understand; and it is made equally plain that the wicked dead are in misery. But it is to the glory and to the misery of the resurrection state that the Word of God makes its more emphatic reference.

As to the righteous dead. Whatever their blessedness may be now, the glory of their condition when they have been given their resurrection bodies will far outshine anything that may be true of them now.

Well, what about the resurrection body? We are not told very much about it. We are told that the natural body, which is buried, is to be raised a spiritual body, but just what the nature of that spiritual body is

to be has not been given us to fully comprehend. One day, thank God, we shall know.

But this much we are given to know even now, namely, that our resurrection body is to be like the resurrection body that was given to Jesus Himself. He passed through doors that were shut and locked. If He thought Heaven called He had but so to decide, and He was there. And I wonder if something like that may not be true of you and me, because we "shall be like Him."

And in this resurrection body I shall walk with the risen Lord; and I shall dwell forever in the dazzling light of the throne of the living God; and I shall sing with the redeemed the song which none but the redeemed of the earth can learn; and the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed me and lead me unto living fountains of water; and the tears, which have made these old eyes of mine red with weeping many a time, will all be wiped away; and for this resurrection body there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away; for He that sits upon the throne has said, "Behold I make all things new."

If my resurrection body is given to me before the Millennium, as I firmly believe the Word of God declares it will be, then I shall reign with Him a thousand years, however long that may be, either *upon* this redeemed and regenerated earth, or, as I prefer to believe, *over* the earth from His place in glory—reign with Him, and with all the saints that have been washed in His blood.

Some of you will not agree just here. You would have us believe that we are not to be given our resurrection bodies until after the Millennium. Very well,

have that as you please, so far as you are concerned. But what a time it will be when it does take place!

“When the blest who sleep in Jesus,
At His bidding shall arise;
From the silence of the grave
And from the sea;
When from every clime and nation
He shall call His people home,
What a gathering of the ransomed
That will be!”

But are the wicked also to be given resurrection bodies? Most assuredly. The departed wicked and unbelieving, so long as they are in Hades continue in their disembodied state. But at the last trump, at the end of the Millennium, when time shall end and eternity shall begin, to end no more forever they too shall be given resurrection bodies; and those bodies, whatever their nature is to be, will be the fit habitations for the unholy souls that must eternally dwell in them.

And in that resurrection body of yours, oh, unbelieving man, you shall reap all the consummated harvest of your wicked, unrepentant, unbelieving life; for then it is that “the dead, small and great, shall stand before God,” and whosoever is not found written in the Book of Life, we are told, shall be cast into the lake of fire, along whose desolate shores the wailing cry of the lost shall echo “unto the ages of the ages.” This last expression in the King James Version is translated, “forever and ever.” This is the “second death,” and this is Hell.

There is, therefore, no one in Hell at the present time. No one has ever gone to Hell. The wicked are all in Hades, and there, we are told, they will remain until the world ends, and then Death, and Hades itself,

with all the wicked in it, together with the Devil, it is said in the twentieth chapter of Revelation, shall be cast into Hell to come no more out forever.

And oh, men and women, how shall it be with you in that day? How shall it be with you when the last grain is running through the hour-glass of your life, and the shadows gather about you? Shall it be up, up, into the Paradise of God, into the presence of Christ and His holy angels, or shall it be down, down into Hades to await the awful hour of which we have just spoken by the Word of the Lord.

The time to answer those questions—the time to make your decision is *now*. Some other time may be too late. Delay in any event is costly. If it does not lead to loss that in eternity is irretrievable, it does make the soul by that much poorer when eternity begins.

The Word of the Lord hath spoken. There is, as we said at the start, no other sure word of testimony concerning this, the most important of all things that concern the soul.

It is reported of one of the most scholarly men our country has produced, that he one time said, "I have read practically all the great works that Agnosticism and unbelief in general have given to the world: I have a studied acquaintance with the attacks which have been made against the Christian religion by some of the minds the world has been pleased to call brilliant, and I would be an infidel today were it not for the inescapable fact that I am a man and I am going somewhere; I am twenty-four hours nearer that somewhere tonight than I was yesternight; I have read all that infidelity has to say; it does not shed one solitary ray of light on the darkness into which I am going. It shall

not take away the only guide I have (the Bible) and leave me stone blind."

"Man dieth, and where is he?" May God help you to become serious in the face of a question like this.



CAN WE TALK
WITH THE DEAD?



“Of all who have crossed the river, and learned
the eternal lore,
Not one has returned to tell us of the land on
the other shore.
Not a single hand has lifted the curtain that hangs
between;
Not a voice revealed the wonders that no human
eye hath seen.

“Alas, have they all forgotten their old familiar
friends?
Does the beautiful love they cherished expire
where the earth-life ends?
Or still do they watch and tend us with a love
refined, intense,
That eludes the dull perception of our grosser
human sense?

“There are, who have seen in vision, the dead in
their human guise,
With a pallid, shadowy glory on the motionless
lips and eyes;
But this was only in seeming—for if such a thing
could be,
There is one, by the throne of heaven, who
would sometimes come to me.

“I have prayed and watched and waited, and called
to heaven her name,
And stilled my pulse to listen, but never an
answer came.
Never a luminous shadow, nor a whisper light
as air,
Nor the sense of an unseen presence answered
my prayer.
And the seers have all been dreaming—for if such
a thing could be,
She would come from the throne of heaven for a
little while to me.”

CAN WE TALK WITH THE DEAD?

"And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar Spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? on behalf of the living should they seek unto the dead?"—Isaiah 8:19. Read also the Twenty-eighth chapter of First Samuel.

CAN we talk with the dead?

Whether we can or not, Saul was a man who thought we could; so put him in a class with Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Booth Tarkington, and a host of other notables in the scientific and literary world, who have openly committed themselves to the reality of modern Spiritualism, of which, perhaps, the chiefest tenet is that conversation with the dead is a well established fact.

Saul was a God-forsaken man. All about him was trouble. He wanted advice, and being estranged from God, what could he do, thought he, but go to a medium and have some one called up from the dead.

Upon making inquiry he discovered through one of his servants that a woman gifted with mediumship was living down in the village of Endor.

Night falls, and, under cover of darkness, Saul with two of his servants, makes his way down to the village. The house is located and through the window of the little hut they see an old woman, withered and haggard, a spiritualistic medium, sitting by a feeble light. On the table are some poisonous herbs, some vases perhaps, and a divining-rod.

A knock at the door and the woman is there. She

holds the lamp above her head, peers out into the darkness, and says, "Who comes here?"

And Saul says, "I pray thee divine for me by the familiar spirit and call him up from the dead."

The woman said, "Whom shall I call up for thee?"

And Saul said, "Call me up Samuel, the prophet."

And the woman stirs her poisonous herbs, waves her rod, stamps her foot and cries toward the realm of the dead, "Samuel! Samuel!"

Now, something happened. There is no doubt about that. What seems to have happened is that the floor of the hut opened and the gray hairs of Samuel came floating up; then his ghastly eyes, his sunken cheeks, his shoulders, his arms and then his entire body, while the astonished little group catch their breath, stagger back and shiver with fright.

And Samuel said, "Saul, what do you want? Why are you disturbing me?"

And Saul said, "I am sore distressed; the Lord has turned away from me, and I want your help."

Then it was that the dead prophet stretched out his hand, pointed his bony finger in the face of Saul and said, "Saul, you have forsaken God, and you are a God-forsaken man. There is no help for you; tomorrow you will die."

Once more the floor opens, and whatever it was that seemingly talked with Saul disappeared as it came.

Now, whether this was the real Samuel, or not, we are not prepared to say. We are prepared to say, however, that it might have been. Samuel was alive and well, and he was not so far away but that he could be reached by a call of the proper kind if it came; and by that kind of a call I mean a call from God.

But if God did call Samuel up from the dead for some specific purpose, it is the only instance of its kind

on record, and it gives us no warrant for believing that God is running a perpetual bureau for that sort of business where any old "consulter with familiar spirits," who loves the darkness *and two dollars*, can secure His services at any time and for any purpose whatsoever.

The Spiritualists would have us believe that the earth is surrounded by the spirit world, and this spirit world is divided into spheres. The first and second spheres, located just outside the earth's atmosphere, are for the wicked and undeveloped spirits. Outside the first and second spheres is the third, then the fourth, and so on, and as the spheres rise in number the spirits of the departed dwelling in them are the purer and more developed in character.

In order to do business these disembodied spirits must find a particular sort of person, some one who is very sensitive, and then the spirits mesmerize this person and control her, or him, as the case may be, just as one person will mesmerize and control another. This sensitive person who is thus mesmerized, or hypnotized, is called a "medium," and these mediums are controlled in various ways according to whatever phase of mediumship they are best adapted.

Among other phenomena there is what is known as "Materialization," in which the spirit assumes a human form recognizable as one of your departed loved ones whose form you can touch and with whom you can talk to your heart's content. There are also other ways of communication and receiving "messages." Sometimes it is through the use of the trumpet, sometimes through the tipping of tables, or slate-writing, and yet again it is through the medium of another spirit, as in the case of Raymond communicating with his father, Sir Oliver Lodge.

Of course, the great majority of people believe that

this whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel, is a fraud, and the public is often entertained by traveling magicians who explain all the tricks of the trade, and treat us to a lot of remarkable stunts of their own. Here is Thurston, and until recently we had with us Houdini and Kellar and Hermann. I have great admiration for gentlemen like these. Why, they can pick enough dimes and quarters off your coat-sleeve to start a savings bank. They can pull rabbits enough out of a silk-tile to start a Belgian hare farm. They can pull ribbons enough out of your pockets to confound and confuse a milliner.

But these men are nothing but entertainers and tricksters. They don't profess to be anything more. But most of the professional mediums of spiritualism have time and time and time again been exposed in their trickery, and proved to be nothing more than deceivers, and charlatans. But, nevertheless, altogether apart from this, there are thousands of scholarly men and women who think that Spiritualism, this thing of talking with the dead, is a clearly-proved and well-established fact.

William T. Stead, the great English journalist, used to talk with his dead son every week—so he said. He had a friend, Miss Julia Ames, and when she died she used to come back and talk with him. And she said to him that there were many people over on the other side who wanted to get into communication with their dear living ones, but found it impossible to get their attention, and she thought that a Bureau ought to be established on this side that would make it possible and easy for the departed to communicate with those they love on this side. I have seen a picture of William T. Stead in his library working on what he called the "Julia Ames Bureau." Mr. Stead, you recall, went

down in the Titanic disaster, and now his daughter Stella tells us that he comes back and that they talk together about the most intimate affairs of the family and other matters.

There was a school girl, Florence Cook by name, who was a remarkable medium, and the spirit who operated through her was known as Katie King, a one-time friend of Sir William Crookes, the renowned chemist. After witnessing many marvelous things in a number of seances with Florence Cook, Sir William asked her to come to his own laboratory, and here scores of times this great scientist declares he saw the spirit of Katie King materialize. He claims to have photographed her forty times with five different cameras operating simultaneously. He talked with the spirit, so he says, clasped it and found it apparently to be a real living woman, and he declares that every scientific test was applied to eliminate every possibility of fraud, all of which experiments were confirmed by other equally prominent scientific men who were present.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing of recent times is the book by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled "Raymond." Raymond was his son and the brave lad gave his life fighting for his country in the trenches of France. This book is a ponderous one and is filled with conversations which Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the world's greatest scientists, claims he holds almost daily with his departed son, Raymond. And Raymond furnishes his father with the startling news that the folks over there have flesh and blood, though he freely admits that he has as yet never seen anybody bleed. He says he has a new tooth in the place where the old one was out. Some of my readers will doubtless be happy to know that according to Raymond smoking

is permitted on the other side, although the writer must inform you, on the authority of Raymond, that the heavenly Havanas are of a rather poor flavor and quality. Raymond says they make all sort of things over there out of essences and gases and ether.

And so on we might continue, showing that Professor James, the most eminent of America's recent psychologists, and Professor Hyslop of Columbia University, and others of world repute, now dead, like Fichte, the philosopher, and Professor Hare, the first American chemist of his day, and Challis, and scores of others of the most noted in every branch of science have committed themselves to the *fact* of this thing called Spiritualism; until a large part of the scientific world is saying with Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, that "Any scientific man who declares spiritualistic phenomena to be impossible is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about."

But this is enough. There are thousands who claim that they can and do talk with the dead. What about it?

It is, of course, a natural desire. Who has not longed for, "The touch of a hand that is vanished; the sound of a voice that is still!" The very thought of spirit communication arouses the keenest interest, and if the world only believed it to be true I suppose we would all be Spiritualists in short order. But what about it?

There are just four things that ought to be said.

FIRST. Talking with the dead is *an Unprovable thing*.

Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Crookes, and Sir Alfred Wallace, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Flammarion, and professors Zollner, James, and Hyslop, and Booth Tarkington, and any number of

other scientific and literary dignitaries may have satisfied themselves with the evidence they claim to have found, but they have never been able to satisfy very many of the rest of us.

And when Sir Oliver Lodge, with all his wonderful mastery of science, tells us that the evidence for spirit communication is well established and indisputable, I say, in my humble judgement, that it is not the kind of evidence that passes for par in the scientific world to-day. There isn't a court in all the world that would hang a dumb brute on the kind of evidence that these distinguished gentlemen want us to accept as a proof that the dead do come back and talk with those of us who are here.

Perhaps the most notable medium operating for Sir Oliver is a Mrs. Leonard, and the spirit of a little girl whose name is Feda is her "control." That is to say, the spirit of Feda controls Mrs. Leonard and through her makes known the news of the other world. They also have their "table sittings" where, with a friend or so, they will sit with their hands on a table and Raymond will come back from the other world and occupy the vacant chair that has been left for him. Nobody sees him come but they know he is there because the table shivers and shakes. Then questions are put to Raymond. Three raps mean "Yes," while one rap means "No." They will sing a song and the table will applaud—or rather Raymond will applaud by causing the table to perform. Some one will crack a joke and in the same way the table will laugh. A remarkable table, indeed!

But is this proof? Even though we must admit that these tables do deport themselves in the fashion just described, and that there is a certain reality in many of the other weird manifestations, as described by so

many distinguished gentlemen of the scientific world, until we have some better warrant for believing that the spirits of the departed are thus attempting to reach us, we are certainly going to hesitate before putting ourselves on favorable record, especially in view of the fact that there is considerable evidence in Scripture that the whole thing is from another source to which no allusion has yet been made, and that the spirits which are seemingly around in the "seances" and "sittings" of the present day, or rather night, are not the spirits of our loved ones at all, but spirits whose distinguishing features are a cloven hoof, a forked tail, a horned head, and a lying tongue. It is unprovable.

SECOND. Talking with the dead is *an unprofitable thing*.

It is certainly a coming down from the sublime to the ridiculous from what the Bible teaches us concerning our departed dead to what they are supposed to be doing in the darkness of the seance room. Think of spirits enthroned in glory coming down into a room with the lights turned off and crawling under tables, tilting settees, raising bedsteads, upsetting chairs, ringing tea-bells, rapping on the floor, and rattling the window, as if on a gusty night,—and all this that the living may know that the dead are wanting to communicate with them.

The spirits have been writing—so they tell us—on the underside of slates and on the inside of envelopes, and corresponding through the Ouija-board, and talking through trumpets, and through table legs that won't stay on the floor where God meant them to be; for ages they have been writing, and rapping and talking—yes, writing, and rapping, and talking, but what? Tell us of one piece of definite, tangible, acceptable evidence of anything concerning the life to come, and

our dear ones there, that has not already been made known to us through the Word of God.

Why do these spirits give us such a mess of blundering stupidity. I never could understand these distinguished scientific and literary gentlemen. Most of the stuff the spirits bring to us from the other side is insulting in its silliness. Take, for instance, this insipid baby talk of little bright eyed Feda who brings messages from Raymond through Mrs. Leonard. Can you imagine for one moment that Booth Tarkington believes any more than Sir Oliver Lodge does that the Piccadilly heaven described by Raymond with its etheric cigars and its brick houses and tweed clothes and fertilizers and Scotch highballs is an accurate description of what one may expect to find when he enters upon the adventure of the great beyond!

All that the spirits have ever brought to us to date is the commonest of the commonplace; it is the most foolish of sentimental nothings. And these are the things we are asked to believe as being the best our loved ones can do as a result of their post-graduate course in the realms of eternal light and glory. It is unprofitable.

THIRD. Talking with the dead is *an unlawful thing*.

We mean by that that it is contrary to the Word of God. God tells us in no uncertain language to call off this Quija-board stuff, and to give a wide berth to the mediums and necromancers and consultants with familiar spirits. In Deuteronomy 18:10 He says, "There shall not be found among you any one that useth divination, or an enchanter, or a sorcerer, or a wizard, or a consultant with familiar spirits, or a necromancer; for all who do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." And in scores of places He speaks

in livid thunders of indignation against this whole unholy business. It is unlawful.

FOURTH. Talking with the dead is *an unnecessary thing*.

It is unnecessary for three reasons.

1. Because the Bible gives us all the assurance we need that there *is* another existence beyond this one, and, so far as this is concerned, all these sights and sounds and ghostly doings are unnecessary if one has a single grain of faith in the Word of God.

The Bible says, "Blessed are they who have not seen but have believed." It is not expected that we shall understand all about the infinite, and all about the unseen world. A religion without faith is absurd, and God expects us to exercise a little of it with regard to the fact of the existence of a future life. One can gratify his curiosity in the seance room at the expense of his faith, but it will prove to be a costly experiment if he does.

Andrew Carnegie offered a million dollars to any one who would prove to his satisfaction the reality of another life beyond this one. But the other life will be real enough when once we are in it. If I could slip away into heaven and preach a sermon there there isn't any offer I could make which would be big enough to induce your loved ones there to come back to this earth.

They would say, "No, I wouldn't give standing room in heaven for a quit-claim deed to all the gold and silver and diamond mines of the earth; No, not for all the fountains of pleasure from which the world ever drinks nor for all the crowns that all the kings of earth have ever worn."

But if I could slip away into the lost world and preach a sermon there I could depopulate that dread place in short order. It wouldn't take much of a

sermon either—just time enough to give the invitation and hades would be emptied as fast as its denizens could get out. For there isn't a soul in the lost world tonight that wouldn't gladly come back and live in the meanest hovel on God's earth, and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, if only he could hear the Gospel preached once more and have another chance to repent and take the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Of course there is another world. The Word of God says so, and we don't need any spirits to prove it.

2. Then, too, the Bible tells us all we need to know about the condition of our loved ones in the other life. If God had meant us to know more than we do He would have revealed it to us in His Word.

Lazarus spent four days in the other world but he came back with his finger on his lips. Paul, you will recall, was caught up into the third heaven but when he came back he wouldn't tell us what he had seen. He said he had orders not to do so. It would be unlawful, he said, to tell.

This would indicate that we know as much about our departed loved ones on the other side as God intended for us to know. At any rate we know enough to comfort us in every sorrow, enough to kindle within us the brightest hope of the resurrection morning. Our loved ones, if they fell asleep in Jesus, are in the radiant society of heaven, and we shall go to join them there. "In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

How much better this than the poor miserable work of the seance room with the light turned off, where the tables tip and the spirits mutter and peep.

3. Furthermore the Bible says that all such supposed spirit communication is useless anyhow. There is no benefit to any one in it. The Bible declares that even though convinced that the spirits of the seance are the spirits of your departed dead you would not believe in God or in Christ one whit more than you do now.

Do you remember the story of the Rich man and Lazarus? When Dives, the rich man, found himself in Hades he called to Abraham and begged him to send Lazarus to his five brothers on earth and warn them, "lest they also come into this place of torment."

And Abraham said, "They have the Bible; let them read that. They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them."

"I know, father Abraham," said Dives, "they have the Bible; they have Moses and the prophets; but that is not enough; but if one went to them from the dead they would believe and repent."

"No," said Abraham, "if they will not believe the Bible, if they will not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

There is one way, thank God, by which we can talk with our departed loved ones and friends, and that is in the glad reunion above waiting for all who go hence in the faith of the dying, risen, and living Son of God. "Blessed," indeed, "are the dead who die in the Lord."

The Bible tells us of a God who is a God not only of love and mercy but of justice and righteousness as well. It tells us of our sin—of its guilt and condemnation. It tells us that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that He bore our sins in His body on the Cross that God might still be just and justify the ungodly. It tells us that there is absolutely no other way to be sure of the

hereafter. It says, "This is the way of salvation; walk ye in it."

In one of George MacDonald's fascinating novels there is the story of Andrew Falconer. Andrew was not a Christian, and his wife, on her deathbed, wrote out for him the recital of a dream she had and left it under her pillow that he might read it when she was gone. In it she said:

"I dreamed that the Resurrection morning had come, and, Andrew, I was looking everywhere for you but could not find you. Finally in my wanderings I came to the edge of a deep abyss. It was filled with blue like the blue of the sky, and you, Andrew, were far away on the other side, and I cried, 'Andrew! Andrew!'

"And I heard a voice saying, 'Daughter would you go to him?'

"And I looked and saw One standing by my side. He had on a flowing robe. His face was fairer than all the sons of men, and His voice was sweeter than the voice of a mother. And I noticed that His hands and feet were pierced. And I said, 'Yes, Lord.'

"And, Andrew, He took me by the hand and led me out over the abyss and we came nearer and nearer until you and I were reunited, and then He brought us back to be with Him forever."

(My friend, there is no other way. It is the way of the Cross that leads home. And among other things that are sure there is one that is doubly so. It makes no difference who you are or from what walk of life you come, it takes just one thing, and that is *faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and your Saviour, to give you any assurance that it is going to be well with you in the world to come, and that you shall feel again, "the touch of the hand that now is vanished," or hear again, "the sound

~~of the voice that now is still," and be with your loved ones again as long as God's eternity shall last. And it will last long enough. God pity you if you are not a Christian then!~~

DO THE DEAD PRAY
FOR THE LIVING AND OUGHT
WE PRAY FOR THEM?

“How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God’s wide universe thou art today.
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?
Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him,
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
And somewhere, too, there may be valleys dim
Which thou must pass to reach the heights sublime.
Then all the more because thou can’st not hear
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O, true brave heart, God bless thee wheresoe’er
In God’s wide universe thou art today!”

IS IT RIGHT FOR THE LIVING AND THE DEAD TO PRAY FOR EACH OTHER?

"I believe in the communion of saints."—Apostle's Creed.

THE spiritualistic seance of which we talked the other day we found to be something in which it is impossible to place any confidence. Thinking it all through one fails to find sufficient warrant for believing that the dead return, make themselves visible, and talk with those still on earth.

We are now to inquire into a further interesting question as to whether there is any communion at all between our departed dear ones and ourselves.

Who is there of us all who has not stood by the side of some lifeless loved one? Do you recall the questions you found yourselves asking then? Aye, the questions you have been asking ever since?

The spirit, the soul, the real self of the departed one—is it an "eternal sleep" into which he has gone, a state of unconsciousness and oblivion, or is he still alive? Is he still a thinking, conscious being with memory and his mental faculties operating as they were a few hours ago? Has he any opportunity for growth? Have the emotions of the soul gone out of his experience forever? Does he know what I am doing now? Does he remember the dear ones left behind, and does he care? Does he pray for me as he used to do, and could I be of any help if I too still prayed for him?

Among all this questioning and this yearning of the

heart to know how it goes with the dear one within the veil there are two questions especially—two things—about which I think we can concern ourselves with something of real profit and comfort.

These things have already been mentioned in what has just been said:

(One of them is whether these dear ones know anything of earth's life? Have they forgotten, or do they still remember that we are here? And if they do remember, do they think of us and care for us and love us as once they did, and even with perhaps a purer, stronger love? And if so, the second question leaps at once from the heart; Is it probable that they still pray for us as once they did, and is it lawful that we should pray for them, and thus hold a sweet sort of comradeship, a choice communion with them still.)

It is certainly a very beautiful thought; that they know and care about my love, and my need and my sorrow today, and that they help me with their prayers on my behalf, and that I am not altogether helpless in helping them, as if they were in need of nothing further that God might do for them.

But beautiful thoughts are not enough. What we want is the warrant for such thoughts if any warrant at all exists.

1. Perhaps it is best to begin by saying that these are thoughts that commend themselves at least to reason and to the instinct of the human heart. Certainly I am to be the same "I" in the life to come that I am in this life. Ever since man began to reason about the soul, its persistence in the Great Beyond as a conscious, thinking, willing entity has been an accepted conclusion of science and philosophy. And certainly the human heart has always believed it.

These voices all speak here with no uncertain sound.

Indeed, without memory and the mental faculties there could be no "I," no personality at all in the eternal world.

And the voice of Scripture is plainer still—indisputably plain—on this point. Lazarus and Dives are not dead in the unseen world. Indeed they are very much alive, thinking, talking, feeling very much as when in this world.

All this being true, why should any one think it strange that they yonder should remember us and think of us and care for us here? And it is certainly reasonable to believe under these circumstances that if possible they would want to know how it goes with us who have been left here to struggle on until we too shall be permitted to "go up higher." The possibility of such knowledge for a glorified spirit one could hardly with reason deny. It belongs to the supernatural.

2. But some one says, "It sounds reasonable enough, but is there any authority in the Word of God for believing it?" Yes, we think there is. Let us look at a few passages.

In Ephesians 3:10 it is said, "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places might be made known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God." It is here made clear and incontrovertible that the angels know how it goes here with the cause of Christ and the people of God. And if angels, why not the glorified spirits of the redeemed?

In First Corinthians 4:9 Paul makes use of a Greek word which really means "theater," but is properly translated in both Versions by the word "spectacle," the idea being that of a theatrical exhibition. Paul says that he and the other Apostles had become a spectacle to the whole world, both of angels and of men. The verse is, "God hath set forth us the Apostles last of

all, as men doomed to death; for we are made a spectacle unto the world, both to *angels* and to men."

In this passage the angels at least are said to know of our life and experiences on earth and to look down in loving sympathy upon us. And if angels, why not others in the heavenlies, the spirits of just men made perfect, of departed dear ones whom we have loved long since and lost awhile?

In Luke 15:10 it is said, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Could it be said in any plainer way that the angels together with God know what is transpiring in our realm? And if angels, why not the glorified spirits of the redeemed? Such passages could be multiplied; but wait.

In John 8:56 it is said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad." Jesus here very plainly says that Abraham in glory knew all about His ministry on earth. Like the angels who sang over the star-lit fields of Bethlehem he witnessed it from the other world.

In Luke 16:29 this is found, "But Abraham said (to Dives) they have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." In the days of Moses and the prophets Abraham was in Paradise and had been there for 1,000 years, and yet our Lord distinctly represents him in the other world as knowing all about Moses and his successors.

In Luke 9:31 it is said, "And behold there appeared Moses and Elias talking with Him." This was at the Transfiguration and the thing they talked about especially was the coming crucifixion. Here is proof positive of intimate knowledge and lively interest on the part of those within the veil concerning the affairs of this life. Paterson-Smythe quite properly asks,

"Can any one believe that the whole Waiting Church within the veil, living, and conscious, and thinking, and remembering were absolutely ignorant and unconcerned about the greatest event that ever came in the history of their race?"

There is also a remarkable passage in Hebrews 12:1 that reads like this, "Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that so easily besets us and run with patience the race that is set before us."

The writer here pictures himself and his fellow Christians as contending for a prize in some great amphitheater with its rising rows of spectators all around, like the great "bowls," as we call them today, in which our college teams contend while the "old boys" of other years rise tier upon tier in countless thousands to cheer them on.

These spectators, the writer says, are the departed heroes of the Faith crowding the galleries of creation, a "cloud of witnesses," he calls them, looking down upon us.

But some one comes along and tells us the setting of the scene is a figurative one. This is true, but this "cloud of witnesses" must mean something. Otherwise the motive for running which the writer sets before us would be a mere imagination and consequently worthless. Paul did not tell us to *imagine* that we are surrounded by this great cloud of witnesses, but he says to run with patience the race because we *are* so surrounded. He drew his image from the Olympic games, and there was the arena, the goal, the runners, the judges, the spectators. The whole representation of the Christian life as a race is of course figurative, but if you set aside the spectators as merely imaginary beings who neither see us nor know anything about us,

may we not equally set aside the Judge and the runners, and in fact annihilate the race itself, and set the whole thing down as a dream?

It is true the word "witnesses" in itself does not compel the meaning of "spectators," but when coupled with the word "surrounded," or "compassed about" it takes a greatly biased exegesis to explain this meaning of the passage away, and in this sense the vast majority of commentators take it.

Surely there is no escape from the teaching here that the departed saints continue to know and to take interest in what is being done upon the earth.

And now the second question awaits an answer: Is it possible for them and for us to be mutually helpful, and especially through our prayers the one for the other? This too is another beautiful thought. And do we not find ourselves rather wishing that it might be so. But here again we must have something more than sentiment upon which to rest our faith.

I am sure I owe it to you to pause at the very threshold of this inquiry and say that this interesting belief was early written into the Apostle's Creed, and that it is to this that the Apostle's Creed refers when it says, "I believe in the communion of saints."

I know what you think this means when you recite it. You think it means fellowship and communion only among the saints right here on this earth and in this world. Well, it does include such communion, but it refers to communion with *all* saints, and WHEN IT FOUND A PLACE IN THE CREED IT REFERRED VERY LARGELY, IF NOT PRIMARILY, TO OUR COMMUNION WITH DEPARTED SAINTS.

For 1600 years, until the days of the Reformation, it was so understood and believed by the whole Church. *No other pronouncement has ever been made upon it.*

No ecclesiastical court of any division of the Church has ever presumed to dictate that it must be given a different meaning from what it had when it first found its way into that supremely orthodox document known as the Apostle's Creed.

It will not be out of place, therefore, to remind you of what you are at least supposed to be saying when you recite the Apostle's Creed, for this undisputed meaning of this article in that Creed involves, of course, the interesting belief into which we have been inquiring.

You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear it said that belief in praying for the dead was quite generally accepted among the Church Fathers, and was practiced by practically the entire Church until its abuse by the Romish Church in the days of Luther brought it into disrepute.

Origen, for instance, among the most brilliant, noble and loving of them all, about 250 A.D. said, "All the souls who have departed this life still retaining their love for those who are in the world, concern themselves for their salvation and aid them by their prayers and mediation with God."

Cyprian, the martyred bishop of Carthage, had an agreement with his friend Cornelius that whichever of the two went first into the future life should remember in prayer the one who was left behind. He said, "On both sides let us always pray for each other, . . . and whichever of us goes hence before the other by the speed of the Divine favor, let our affection continue before the Lord, and let not prayer for our brothers and sisters cease before the mercy of the Father."

Gregory Nazianzen in preaching his father's funeral sermon said, "I am satisfied that he accomplishes there now by his prayers more than he ever did by his teach-

ing just in proportion as he approaches nearer to God after having shaken off the fetters of his body."

Ambrose, on the occasion of his brother's death, said, "What other consolation is left me but that power may be granted unto me by thy intercession that thou mayest summon me who long to join thee more speedily."

The great St. Jerome, who gave to the world the Vulgate, the Latin translation of the Bible, speaking of the life after death said to his friend Heliodorus, "There too you will pray for me who spurred you on to victory." Again he says, "If the apostles and martyrs while still in the body are able to pray for others . . . how much more may they do so now? . . . shall their powers be less after they have begun to be with Christ?"

Similar testimonies come from Cyril and Chrysostom and many others from whom space forbids to quote. These early Fathers of the Church, these great Bishops and teachers, were profound students of the Word. If history may be relied upon they were deeply pious men, and they lived in the days nearest the time of Christ and His apostles when the beliefs of the Church were in their purest form.

This does not, of course, make the testimony of these Fathers infallible. But if the teaching can be shown otherwise to be reasonable, it does furnish some encouraging confirmation of the thought as a legitimate one, especially if there be found nothing in the Scriptures to contradict it, even though these Scriptures may not positively affirm it.

We begin as before with reason and what the instinct of the heart would seem to dictate.

They are now with Christ. Paul tells us this distinctly, and why should it be any the less appropriate

or natural there than here to offer a prayer in His name to their God and ours Who is ever a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God?

Asking "in His Name" and "for His Sake" has surely now become to them the most reasonable and the sweetest of privileges since "the substance of things hoped for" has become to them a blessed reality.

Is it not a little difficult to think of a father or of a mother whose deepest concern in this life was for the welfare of their child, especially its spiritual welfare, going out into the other life, fully conscious and remembering their precious lad on earth and never once be solicitous enough for him as to send a prayer to the throne of God in his behalf?

Oh, how many mothers have come to me in my many years of evangelistic work, taken my hand and tried to speak, and finding themselves unable, have sobbed through their tears, "My boy, my boy!" I knew at once the burden, and think you that such a mother, who never in all her life goes to bed without praying to God for that wayward child, would so forget him in God's eternal tomorrow as never to lift a sentence of prayer to the altar of God for him? ✓

Even if she did not know I see no reason why she should not pray. There was a time when those going abroad, especially into far away heathen lands were deprived of any news from home for many months and even years. But was there no thought of each other then, no love for each other, no care, nor sympathy, nor prayer? We know it to be otherwise, and we are helped and sustained and cheered in our pilgrimage through life because of this invisible sort of fellowship. But are we not persuaded now that our dear ones across the *great divide* do know and when they pray,

if you will permit me to believe they do, they can pray knowingly, and for this we would like to thank God.

But what about our praying for them?

You say they are not in need of any prayer. But are you exactly sure of this? Your child perhaps, or your friend or some dear one of maturer years whose security in Christ at death you had no reason to doubt, but how scant sometimes is the knowledge of God that these possess when they go away.

Are there no heights for them yet to climb? No sublimer attainments? No growth of any kind? Are they in need of nothing that God can do for them? The final heaven into which they and we will enter by and by, and in which nothing but absolute purity can dwell, is still quite far away, and why should it be out of harmony with the eternal fitness of things to think that there is still some preparation for them to make for the time when they shall see Him as He is and be altogether like Him?

"How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's wide universe thou art today,
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?
Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him,
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
And somewhere, too, there may be valleys dim
Which thou must pass to reach the heights sublime.
Then all the more because thou can'st not hear
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O, true brave heart, God bless thee wheresoe'er
In God's wide universe thou art today!"

God knows what is best, and for this only we would pray for them. And how real, indeed, this would make the after-life! Are you not sometimes startled as you realize that you have not thought of that absent one

for, oh, so long? Do we let them pass almost into oblivion? God forbid.

Dr. Paterson-Smythe tells us of a friend who once said to him, "I was a little child when the news came of father's death far away. That night in my prayers I prayed for father as usual. But my aunt stopped me. 'Darling,' she said, 'you must not pray for father now; it is wrong.' And I can remember still how I shrank back feeling as if some one had slammed the door and shut him outside." For me at least, it is hard to think that this must be so.

This ancient and beautiful custom was the custom of the whole Christian Church until the times of the Reformation. It is to be regretted beyond words that our great sister Church so terribly abused this comforting belief that the indignant Reformers of the sixteenth century turned the Protestant Church away from it almost entirely.

The sordid traffic in masses for the dead has been one of the most revolting practices in all the history of Christianity. The word "Christian" must not be used in connection with it. Tetzels, the notorious dealer in "Indulgences," made himself horribly conspicuous by going up and down the land, saying, "When money clinks at the bottom of my box a soul is released from purgatory." The more the pity is it continues still.

No wonder this corrupting caricature with its *Limbum Patrum* and its *Limbum Infantum*, its "Purgatory" in which the soul must dwell for a longer or shorter time according to the Masses said and the prayers offered on its behalf, and the number of Masses and the number of prayers depending on the number of coins that clink in the Indulgence Box—no wonder, I say, that men turned away with suspicion and disgust and *because of the abuse feared even the use and*

finally told us of the inconsistency of praying for the dead at all.

But may it not be that because of this most justifiable reaction the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction? I do not present this as a matter that is scripturally definite, but I dare not hesitate to confess that I have found myself wishing that this beautiful belief were thoroughly backed up by what the Scriptures might have to say about it.

Praying for the dead was the prevailing practice of the Jews in the time of Christ. This is a well-known and undisputed fact. Yet, while our blessed Saviour was unsparing in His rebuke of the doctrines and traditions of both the Sadducees and the Pharisees, no word of condemnation ever fell from His lips for this charitable custom of His day. This is not without significance.*

And we are not so sure that when Paul uttered a prayer for and sent greetings to the "*household*" of Onesiphorus this benefactor of the great Apostle was not among the saints that had departed.

But God knows best. Some things he has not clearly revealed. But if, by any inference even that we may take from what is written, if, indeed, it is reasonable and does not do violence to what is plainly written

* "We find by the History of the Maccabees that the Jews did pray and make offerings for the dead; which appears by other testimonies, and by their form of prayer still extant, which they used in the captivity. Now it is very considerable that since our blessed Saviour did reprove all the doctrines and traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees, and did argue concerning the dead and the resurrection, yet He spake no word against this public practice, but left it as He found it; which He, who came to declare to us all the will of His Father, would not have done if it had not been innocent, pious, and full of charity." "Liberty of Prophesying," Bishop Jeremy Taylor. Book 1. Sec. 20, page 345.

otherwise in Scripture,—if by such an inference we can cheer ourselves along the way, why not?

When our dear ones go over the ocean here they write home, but when they go across the great divide there are no letters coming back, although isn't it true that we sometimes wish there were; that we might even hear their voices calling back.

"If you have gone a little way ahead of me, call back;
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track.
And if, perchance, faith's light is dim because the oil is low;
Your call will guide my lagging course as wearily I go.

"Call back, and tell me that He went with you into the storm;
Call back, and say He kept you when the forest's roots were
torn;
That when the heavens thundered and the earthquake shook
the hill
He bore you up and kept you where the very air was still.

"O, friend, call back, and tell me, for I cannot see your face:
They say it glows with triumph, and your feet bound in the
race;
But there are mists between us and my spirit eyes are dim,
And I cannot see the glory though I long for word of Him.

"But if you'll say He heard you when your prayer was but a cry,
And if you'll say He saw you through the night's sin-darkened
sky—
If you've gone a little way ahead of me, call back;
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track."

Dear old Mr. Moody used to tell us of a beautiful custom along the shores of the Adriatic Sea. While the fishermen at eventide were far out on the mighty deep their wives would come down to the shore in the dusk of the evening and sing a verse of some hymn,

which floating out on the still air would fall on their husbands' ears. And then the husbands too would sing a hymn, and their voices wafted on the breeze back to the ears of their dear ones would tell them they were safe far out there on the ocean's deep. And then that wonderful man of God would say, "Oh, if only our ears were unstopped and were not filled with the hum of worldliness and sin, and incapacitated by human infirmity we too might hear voices far out in the dim beyond coming from the other shore to tell us that all is well over there."

And now I surmise what some of you, perhaps the most or all of you have been thinking throughout the findings and the legitimate inferences of this hour. It is this: Would it not make our glorified loved ones unhappy if they knew all about us here on earth? Yes, I think it would somewhat. But are you quite sure they would be happier if they did not know?

Mother, you answer the question about that wayward boy of yours with whom you know it is not well off in the faraway parts of the world. Or take the brave lad in yonder far-off trench. Would you be happier in either case if never a word came home. No, but you found yourself saying, "If he would only write; if some one would only send word; even if I must know the worst it would be better than this suspense."

To be ignorant does not mean to be happy. Else the cow who so quickly forgets her calf must be the supremely happy creature of the world—far happier than any one of us on earth or in heaven can possibly be. But surely a contentment like that in the spirit world cannot be your idea of heaven's supreme bliss. Nothing here is more ennobling to human character than unselfish sorrow for others. Why should it be otherwise

there? Is it like God to stunt and dwarf our characters? I think the angels of God and God Himself must at times be sorrowful. If they rejoice over one sinner that repents, then certainly they must be pained over the many who do not repent.

But listen, friend, if you would not have them unhappy over you, don't you think you ought to do the things that you know would make their hearts rejoice, if, indeed, they can know? And the thing above all else—the thing that would rejoice them most—you know what it is; it is that they might see their prayers answered in the conversion of your soul; that you might give yourself to Christ.

There comes to my mind just now a story too long to tell, but it ends with a prodigal son sobbing over his mother's grave, and crying, "Oh, mother, who in all the world will pray for me now?"

And I remember too, on "Mother's Day," in one of our meetings, how a prominent Judge handed me a letter addressed like this: "My Mother—Somewhere in Heaven." And he said, "Mother, I'm wearing a white flower for you today, but why did you have to die and leave your boy? But something tells me you are not dead, and I wonder if you are not watching over me still and praying for me, and that you care for my soul yet as you did in other days. I remember, mother dear, how for the last time you followed me to the gate when I was going out on a speaking trip and kissed me and said, 'Hurry back, my boy, it's lonesome when you're gone.' Little did I think that in three days you would be in heaven. Your wish was granted for you told me that when your time came to go you wanted to go to sleep in your own bed and wake up in heaven. It may be the night I kissed you at the gate

was a 'good-bye' for eternity as well as for time. I may be lost in spite of all your prayers. I hope not. I love you still. Your lonesome, broken-hearted boy."

I only regret that I could have helped the Judge a bit more than I fear I did had I studied this matter through as since I have done. When a young man one night had given himself to Christ he stood sobbing as if his heart would break, and when asked the reason, replied, "Oh, if I had only done this while mother was here. If she could only know that her prayer has been answered I know how happy it would make her and my happiness would be complete!" Do you think the evangelist was wrong when he said, "Are you quite sure that she does not know?"

Listen. If mother is with you still, it will not be long until they take her out with her white hair and furrowed cheeks and lay her away, and don't you think you had better answer mother's prayer today and lift the burden from her soul before she goes? But if she has gone, if you let her go with her prayer unanswered, I think, if you would answer it now, today, tonight, that she would know, and thank God for you, while with glad heart she waits the hour when the angels announce that her boy is coming in through the gates of glory.

"Just beyond the river Jordan, just across its chilling tide,

There's a land of life eternal; through its vale sweet waters glide.

By the crystal river flowing, grows the Tree of Life so fair;
Many loved ones wait our coming, In the Upper Garden there."

SHALL WE RECOGNIZE
OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?

That each who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

From Tennyson's "In Memoriam."



SHALL WE RECOGNIZE OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN?

X

"And I say unto you, many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew 8:11.

THERE is no subject which touches so tender a spot in the human heart as the one we are going to speak about at this time—OUR LOVED ONES; SHALL WE KNOW THEM IN THE LIFE TO COME?

It was Madame de Stael who said, "We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love."

I wonder if there is a heart among all who read these words into which the iron has not entered. I wonder if there is a soul that has not been bowed down beneath the burden of death's dark bereavement.

God gave to you, my young brother, some fair, sweet girl to be your wife, and after a few years of happiness that seemed to bring heaven down to earth, death came and struck the bloom from her cheeks and the light from her eyes and said, "The time is up; she must go with me!"

Or, it may be, there came to you from heaven's hand the gracious gift of a pure, sweet child. But it seemed as though heaven only meant to lend you the little one for a while; for one day, like the delicate flower out in the garden, it began to wither and fade, and at last you knew the worst, for the babe had gone.

It may have been at the grave of some brother, or sister, or some faithful mother, or other loved one, and

as you stood there, bowed in inexpressible grief, you said, "This cannot be the end; surely, our loved ones have not gone down like the dumb driven beasts of the field."

And you want to know whether you shall ever meet them again.

There is a song we sing:

"We shall meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll."

But shall we? Are we going to meet our loved ones and know them again in the glory world? I am going to answer this question just like the song answers it. I am going to say, "Yes." And just here would be a good place to introduce my text. You will find it in Matthew 8:11, the words of Jesus, "And I say unto you, many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."

I do not see how heaven could be heaven if there is no communication between the glorified saints who are there. To be alone with no one on the same plane of being to love you and worship with you! There is no heaven about that.

And I am sure, too, that heaven would lose most of its charm if in its fellowship we could not recognize and hold communion with those "we have loved long since and lost awhile."

"How dark, how drear, would be the fondest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant zone,
We failed to find the loved of this!"

What is it that makes home so attractive here? Is it the handsome furniture that occupies the rooms—Mahogany, Bird's-Eye maple, Circassian walnut, and

all the rest of it? No! Is it the costly carpets that adorn the floors—the silken Saruks, the colorful Kermanshas, and other far-famed Orientals? No! Is it the expensive paintings that hang on the wall; copies from Rembrandt, Raphael, Reynolds, and Murillo, and sometimes the original? No! Is it the snowy statuary; marble from Carrara, from Paros and Mount Pentelicus? No! It is none of these. It is the loved ones who are there.

I have heard of a little girl whose mother was ill and they took the child to a neighbor house until the mother should recover. But the mother grew worse and then they thought they would not bring the little one back until the funeral was over. And when they brought her home she went from room to room calling for her Mama, and when they told her that her mother had gone away and would not come back, the little thing wanted to go back to the neighbor's house. Home had lost its charm because mother was not there.

Any other living creature can be separated from its mother and in a little while both have forgotten. But it is not that way with the human mother and the dear ones in the home down here.

Do you know that poem entitled, "The Things in the Cabinet Drawer?" Marbles and books and whips, and toys and models of ships, shoes that no little feet ever wear, and tresses of golden hair?

"But when we think of our dear ones dead,
 Our children who never grow old,
 And how they are watching and waiting for us
 In the city with streets of gold;
 And how they are safe through all the years
 From sickness and want and war,
 We thank the great God with falling tears
 For the things in the cabinet drawer."

(It is hard to forget our loved ones, and God does not want us to, and I say again that heaven would lose a good part of its charm if in our communion with other glorified saints we did not know to whom we were talking and could not meet again and recognize the dear ones we have loved below.)

Shall we recognize each other in heaven?

There are three ways, and only three ways so far as I know, of bringing an answer to that question, and each one of them rings out its answer in the shape of an emphatic "Yes." And this answer comes from Instinct, Reason, and the Bible.

I. The first argument is that heavenly recognition has forever been a universal instinct, a universal belief of the human heart. When a thing is believed that way, it is always acknowledged to be true.

This sweet thought runs like a golden cord through all the history of the world. In prose and in poetry; in fiction and in song; you find it everywhere.

What wonderful stories are found in the writings of Virgil and Homer and others of their day!

Do you remember how Aeneas and Dido fell in love with each other, and how, when Aeneas left her, Dido climbed upon a funeral pile and stabbed herself. And do you remember when Aeneas took a trip to the Elysian fields, where the happy dead reside, he had to pass through the infernal regions on his way, and there he met unhappy Dido and tried to effect a reconciliation with her. And then a little later when he came into the fields of the blessed he met his father Anchises. They recognized each other and Anchises met Aeneas with open arms and falling tears, and cried, "Welcome, O long expected, to my dear embrace!" This is the story Virgil tells.

And then what a fascinating story is that of Orpheus

and Eurydice. Bitten on the foot by a serpent, Eurydice, his beloved wife, had died and Orpheus resolved to seek her in the regions of the dead. He made such sweet music with his lyre in the presence of Pluto and Proserpine that they could not resist, and they called Eurydice and told Orpheus he could take her back with him if he didn't look at her until they reached the upper air. They were nearly out when the poor fellow forgot and looked back upon her and so lost her again. But later, when he himself had died, and his lyre was placed among the stars, he sought out his Eurydice and they embraced with eager arms and roamed together the happy fields forever after.

And then Homer, you know, tells us about Ulysses and the affecting scene when he met his mother in the shadowy land of disembodied spirits.

Socrates, you may remember, said that death itself was worth while just because it held out the prospect of conversing in another world with Orpheus, and with Homer and Hesiod.

The same idea you find everywhere; in the consciousness of every pagan people the world has ever seen. I was over in China some time ago and on the painted wall of a Chinese temple you could read the story, or have some Chinese fellow read it for you,—the story of Lo Puh finding his mother Yin Te in hell, and by his valor and his virtue securing her release from the sufferings of that awful place.

In India the wife will kill herself that she may accompany her dead husband into the world beyond; and servants have done likewise that they might wait upon their masters.

The instinct, the longing, the belief that we shall see each other and know each other again beyond the river

of death has been as universal and as persistent as the belief in God Himself or the immortality of the soul.

Have you ever seen a bee, or a bird, or a beast misled by its God-given instinct? No. And do you suppose that God, who planted this best and sweetest of instincts in the human soul, in the universal heart, could be otherwise than faithful and true to it? No, friends, a man may deceive you, but humanity never does. And if in my dying hour I had a fainting faith, and had no Bible to refresh it, I'd rather refresh that faith, as did old Socrates, and as Plato did, by recalling what the world of humanity has always thought and believed than by anything I had simply reasoned out to be true.

II. But now in the second place, let us reason a little bit anyhow.

How are you going to recognize yourself in heaven? How are you going to know who you are? Most certainly, by the same means you do here.

Well, how do you recognize yourself right here and now? How do you know who you are? You know it only because your memory serves you to that end. Blot out your past absolutely up to the present second and you'll have a good deal more trouble telling who you are than Rip Van Winkle ever did have when he first rubbed his eyes after his twenty years of sleep.

If you ever forget who you are, all you will have to do in order to come to yourself is to think back a little through the past, and your particular trouble in this respect will be at an end.

Now, it is rather hard to see how you are going to admit this truth without at the same time admitting this other truth about which we are speaking.

You say, "How do I know I am to have any memory in heaven?"

Well, you would be in a sad plight if you didn't. The Bible settles that for you in a hundred different places. Abraham said to the rich man in Hades, "Son remember!"

But certainly, I am to be the same "I" there as I am here, the same person, alive, conscious, thinking, willing, loving and capable of fellowship with others round about me. If we ever get to heaven one thing is certain—our mental powers must be continued.

When the wife of Christmas Evans, the celebrated Welsh preacher, said to him, "Dear, do you think we will recognize each other in heaven?" he said, "Well, dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Think carefully through this. Heaven may enlarge our faculties, as no doubt it will, but most assuredly it will not dwarf or annihilate them. Christ came not to destroy humanity but to redeem and perfect it. And if our mental powers are to be continued, then memory most certainly must and will be perpetuated. I therefore repeat, and do it most emphatically, that the same means by which I recognize myself here makes it altogether necessary that I so recognize myself hereafter.

But what about recognizing others in heaven? Well, we are prepared now to say, and to say it boldly, that the same means by which we recognize ourselves in heaven makes it altogether possible to recognize others.

Now let me begin just as I did before. How shall we recognize others in heaven? Most certainly, again, by the same means we do here. Well, how do we recognize others right here and now? We do it only because our memories serve us to that end.

We know each other here a good deal by outward form and physical features, but these are sometimes so

changed by the lapse of years that it is impossible to recognize our once dearest friends and loved ones that way.

My wonderful friend, John Robertson, the noted Scotch preacher, told us of a mother in Aberdeen whose son came off to America. It was in a day when ships were few and money scarce and it was fifty years, a whole half century, before he ever got back, and the old mother did not know her boy.

He said, "Mother, dinna ye ken me? I'm your ain son John."

"Nae, nae," she said, "You're nae me son John; me son John was a bonnie black-haired lad, and you're an auld gray-haired man."

And the man knelt down by her side and buried his white head in his mother's lap and said again, this time through his tears:

"Mother, I'm your ain son John. Dinna ye ken me?"

But she said again, "Nae, you're nae me son John; me son John was a bonnie black-haired lad, and you're an auld gray-haired man."

Now, if he had only recalled to her memory the time he fell out of the apple tree and broke his little arm; or how when he went away she came down to the steamer and slipped a little Bible in his hand; and a lot of other old but sweet, familiar memories, how quickly she would have taken her boy to her arms. Yes, but for one thing. The old woman was in her dotage; her memory was impaired; she could not recall. But blessed be God, in the life to come our memories will not be impaired, but they will the rather be quickened and intensified and we shall remember all things and we shall know even also as we are known.

I read a piece of reliable history the other day tell-

ing us of a mother searching for a daughter stolen ten years before by the Indians when the little thing was only nine years old. The Redmen had been forced to give up 200 white prisoners and this daughter was among the number. The mother scanned every face and was about to give up in despair when she remembered a favorite hymn they used to sing together. She advanced well to the front of the line and started to sing, and scarcely had she commenced when a young woman sprang out with a bound and fell weeping on her mother's neck.

This illustrates what we want to say. (It is not so much the material after all, not so much the outward form or physical features that makes us sure of each other. We know each other a good deal better by the inward feeling of the soul, by the fellowship of kindred minds that comes from common memories, and familiar associations and mutual concerns.)

Just how God may bring this about we do not know. What sweeter service could there be for angels? But God is not limited, and in many ways He could bring it about.

I think it is plainly indicated in Scripture that even now the soul of the departed has some sort of a visible, spiritual body that can be seen, as Dives saw Lazarus, and as the Disciples saw Moses and Elijah on the mount. We know this to be true with the resurrection body with all its familiar features that still continue, and the problem is made a bit easier by reason of this unless the separation period has covered too long a lapse of years.

It may have been thirty years, mother, since your child went away. But even so, may there not be such a thing as spiritual recognition when soul leaps out to

soul? Call it what you will, but I sometimes wonder if instinctively we shall not know.

Paterson Smyth in his "Gospel of the Hereafter" quotes from Momerie's "Immortality,"

"It was not mother that I knew thy face,
It was my heart that cried out 'Mother!'"

Dr. Smyth then follows this thought with a most interesting and intensely gripping suggestion. It is this: That it is not *we* who will have to do the recognizing; at any rate that we will not be the first with it. He says,

"If it be true, as we have reason to believe, that your dear one there is watching your life on earth, of course he would know you at once."

I wonder if this may not be true. I love to think of it being so, and I find myself easily hoping that it may be so: That our loved ones over there know of our lives here, and while we have been changing from childhood to youth and even to old age they have been noting the change, and so we will not be strangers to them when we pass through the pearly gates where doubtless they will be waiting and watching as we come.

Further than this perhaps we ought not to conjecture. It is enough, gloriously so, that we shall know each other there. The "How" we must leave with God, and for those who trust fully in His love there need be nothing more than this.

"Soul of my soul, I shall meet thee again;
With God be the rest."

III. But now we come to the Bible, to the Word of God, the highest and for the child of faith the altogether satisfactory ground for believing this beautiful and consoling truth.

It's all well enough to argue from instinct, and to reason one's way to satisfactory conclusions, but after all what a mighty uplift it is just to come in simple faith to what God in His Word has declared to be true.

An infidel once said, "If I could be sure of a hereafter and know that I should meet the loved ones gone before, I would crawl on my hands and knees from New York to San Francisco just to gain that knowledge." Well, he wouldn't have to crawl at all, if he would just *honestly* get on his knees before God.

Begin with the Old Testament. It is said repeatedly there that such an one "died and was gathered unto his people."

You say that simply means that he was buried along side his departed kindred. But how does this work in Abraham's case? His ancestors lived and died in Ur, and his father died in Haran, while Abraham we know was buried in a new sepulcher in Machpelah.

Well, you say, it means simply that he was buried along side the people with whom he had lived and who were now dead. But that will not do, for the language is specific. It says "he was gathered to his people," and *after this* it is stated that he was buried.

Take the case of Jacob. In Genesis 49 it says, "he was gathered to his people," and yet we know that Jacob was not buried until 40 days after this took place.

The same statement is made about Moses; and how could it mean burial with his kindred when his mother was buried in Egypt, his sister in the far away desert and his brother on the slopes of Hermon? And how could it mean burial at all when it is said in Deuteronomy, "No man knoweth his sepulcher to this day."

Look at the case of Jacob once more. He said, "I

shall go mourning to the place of the departed unto my son." What comfort in this if he was not to know the boy in the place where he had gone?

And then what about David? He said when his child was dead, "He shall not return to me but I shall go to him." That he did not mean that he was going to join the body of his boy in the grave is plain from the fact that the body of his boy was still with him. Like Jacob he seemed to think that he would know his boy again in the glory of the unseen world.

In both Isaiah and Ezekiel the wicked kings of Babylon and Egypt were recognized by the former victims of their tyranny and upbraided by them when they entered the lost world. These two scenes were of course among the lost, but certainly the ties that bind the wicked together cannot be stronger and more lasting than those that unite the saints.

Now look into the New Testament.

When Moses and Elijah met with Jesus at his Transfiguration they knew each other. They had lived 600 years apart on earth, and it looks like they must have gotten acquainted in heaven.

In the story of Dives and Lazarus the rich man had no trouble in recognizing the poor man sitting in company with Abraham.

Jesus said to the dying thief, "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise." If these words mean anything, surely it is that there was to be mutual recognition. If anybody knew, surely Jesus did.

In His advice about the right use of our talent and our riches He bids us to make friends by the use of these things so, "that when ye die they may receive you into the everlasting habitations." Is it not a fair inference from this that we shall recognize and be recog-

nized by our friends in the glory world? It seems to me that it is so.

Once more, do you remember how Paul comforted the bereaved Thessalonians? He told them not to sorrow for they would be together at the coming of the Lord. But where would be the comfort if they were not to know their loved ones from strangers when they met? And then he tells his converts, these same Thessalonian Christians, that even though he should not see them again in this life he would see them in the next, and that they were to be his "joy and crown of rejoicing," as he presented them before the Lord. How could such thing be if there were no recognition in heaven?

And now before passing let us recall our text, "Many shall come from the east and from the west and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." What is this but a picture of heaven as a great family gathering in the heavenly Father's house. Why, the heaven described by Jesus would be impossible if recognition did not take place. What kind of a home circle would it be where the members did not know each other? He speaks of heaven as a banqueting hall, and that would be a strange banquet, indeed, where the members could not form each other's acquaintance.

And then, we must not forget that the Disciples recognized Jesus in His resurrection body, and we too some day will be in our resurrection bodies. Oh, I wonder after all if anybody really doubts it.

And so I am going to ask of you that you take this sweet thought out of the region of speculation and put it over into the realm of positive certainty; that you cease to say, "I hope it is so," and begin to say, "I

know it is so; because my instinct demands it, my reason proves it, and my Bible confirms it."

"We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll."

x O Death, cold, rigid, relentless Death, strike! and do the worst that thou can'st do! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Heaven is just as real as earth, and the kiss of reunion in the reception room of the Father's house on high is just as real as the parting kiss in the chamber of death below.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave where is thy victory?" We do not need to chisel on our tombstones the skull and cross-bones, but we can chisel there the white lily and the red rose, sweet emblems of the Resurrection morn.

Our dear ones, if they have fallen asleep in Jesus, have gone into the glory world, and I wonder if it would not be better to put a golden border around our letter paper and leave the black border for those who are without God and without hope in the world.

In some of the Oriental lands they have a beautiful custom. They go to the funeral of their dear ones with a cage filled with birds and at the grave side they open the cage, and as the birds go flying out they fill the air round about with the music of their sweet songs. And so, today, I would go with you to the sepulcher of your departed dead, and I would take with me this blessed Word of God, and I would open its leaves and let fly its unnumbered consolations, its many immutable promises, and they would fill the air round about you with sweet songs of the Homeland, and tell you to "sorrow not as others who have no hope," for "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" when

He comes again in fulfillment of His promise, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Some years ago an engineer on a road running out of New York City, a man who was an earnest Christian, was addressing a large meeting of railroad men, and he closed his address by saying,

"I cannot begin to tell you, men, what Jesus Christ is to me. He has given me a hope that is very precious. Some years ago, every night as I neared the end of my run I would look up to the top of a hill where stood a little cottage, and as we rushed down through the cut I would pull open the whistle and let out a blast, and then an old lady would come out to the door and wave her hand at me. And as we shot into the tunnel she would go into the house and say, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home tonight.' But the day came when we carried mother out and laid her to rest. Then night after night when I pulled the whistle an old man would come to the door and wave his hand to me, and I could almost hear him say as he entered the house, 'Thank God, Bennie is safe home tonight.' But now," said the engineer, "they are both gone, and although I look up many times and pull the whistle I do not see any of the loved ones to welcome me home. But some day, when I have pulled the whistle for the last time, and the work of this world is over, I shall come to the pearly gates, and I am sure as I draw near I shall see an old lady waiting at the entrance along side an old gentleman, and as I enter I shall see my dear old mother turn to father and say, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home at last.'"

Oh men and women, if for no other reason than this I urge you to decide for Christ and for God today.

Heaven is not far away; the miles are few and short. Just a few more years of toiling; just a little more of suffering; just a few more of earth's meager joys, and

heaven will open and the saints of God will sing our welcome home.

But, oh, to be without God and without hope in the world! To have no Christ that saves! To have heard Jesus, the Saviour, say, "I am the way," and then to die and stand before God in the judgement hour and realize that all your life through you refused to walk in it! To have heard Him say, "I am the truth," and then to die and to remember in the presence of God that all of your life through you would not believe it! To have heard Him say, "I am the life," and then to die and before the judgement bar of God realize that all of the years of your time on earth you choose death rather than life. May God save you from an experience like that!

IS THERE HOPE
AFTER DEATH?

“Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that whichever way
we go,
Walls of darkness must surround us; things we
would, but cannot know?
That the infinite must bind us as a temple-veil
unrent,
While the finite ever wearies, and none e’er
gain content?

“Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the souls we
love so well,
Must remain in pain eternal, must abide in
endless hell?
And our love avail them nothing, even thine avail
no more?
Is there nothing that can reach them, nothing
bridge the chasm o’er?

“Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the fulness yet
to come,
Is so glorious and so perfect, that to know
would strike us dumb?
That if but for a moment we could pierce beyond
the sky
With these poor, dim eyes of mortals—we
should just see God and die?”

IS THERE HOPE AFTER DEATH?

"Are there few that be saved?" Luke 13:24.

Now, in the midst of all our Scripture findings and legitimate inferences concerning the dead you have doubtless already begun to wonder about the great army of the dead who have never had any knowledge of Christ while living, and the vast multitudes of others, good people most of them, who in this life never made conscious and definite acceptance of Christ. To these classes plainly belong the great majority of those in the Unseen Land today.

Some one asked Christ one day the question, "Are there few that be saved?" If they had asked some men of our day they might have gotten a far more definite reply. For instance, if they could have asked the author of "Reflections on the Number of the Elect," (Du Moulin) they would have got for their answer, "*Not one in a million from Adam downwards shall be saved.*"

But what was our Lord's reply? His reply was a refusal to answer. He said to them, "*Strive to enter in at the straight gate.*"

It is certainly true that in this sad world it is but the few who find the narrow way. It is the "*broadway*" that is crowded—so Jesus tells us. He also says the "*broadway*" leads to destruction. It surely does if one walks in it long enough. What about the multitudes—the vast majority—who have followed it out into the eternal world? Is there no hope for them?

Surely, we shall not have any question as to the dead infants, and the feeble minded, and the irresponsible of every kind. But what about the millions of dead heathen who never heard of Jesus, and what about the numberless others even in Christian lands in whose dingy, dismal lives there never entered much of favorable opportunity for knowing Jesus in such a way as would lead them to love Him, and who never, therefore, had much, if any, thought of either accepting or rejecting Him? *

And yonder stands a heavy-hearted mother bending down over her dead son. She says he was a good boy although he had not as yet definitely accepted Christ. An accident snatched him out of life without warning. The bereaved and broken-hearted mother is asking if it is forever impossible for her boy to accept Christ in the other world.

Christian charity prompts us to say, "No, it is not impossible." But are we justified in so doing? Can we, while the Word of God is open before us, believe with the poet of "In Memoriam";

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish in the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

This much, at least, can be said, that a charity such as we have just mentioned is far more Christian than the cheerful complacency with which some have accepted the ghastly beliefs of Medieval times concerning the fate of the vast majority of our fellow-beings who are *suffering in literal fire the physical tortures of never ending damnation.*

How any man with a heart of pity in him could contemplate save with the utmost abhorrence such a con-

dition of the countless multitudes of the dead is more than I can understand. Yet even the pious Thomas Aquinas lent his saintly sanction to the atrocious fancy that the happiness of the saints will be all the more keen because they will be permitted to gaze upon this soul-sickening and ghastly punishment of the wicked.

And it has not been so long ago since we had the same thing from the pen of Jonathan Edwards.

John Wesley, and Jeremy Taylor, and Charles Finney, and countless others of every age have given us the same gruesome, blood-curdling picture of the lost world. Even the saintly Thomas à Kempis pictures the miser with hissing-hot melted gold being poured down his throat; while yet another has imagined for the edification of the sinner the incessant scream of a sufferer under the knife as but a faint conception of the agonies of hell.

And to such atrocious horrors of physical excruciation through billions of millenniums the souls of the vast majority are to be consigned for the transgressions of a brief, struggling and tempted life. Augustine would have it that even unbaptized infants would certainly be damned; and the entire Medieval Church has darkened the pages of its theology with this glaring travesty of which it is hard to think as other than blasphemy against the awful and most holy will of a merciful God.

The Church today can congratulate herself thus far at least that these ghastly distortions of divine justice and love are no longer believed. It is mental agony rather than physical torture that make Hell what it is.

But this does not answer the question suggested a moment ago—the question of hope in the eternal world. Are the torments of Hell never to have an end?

Well, there is one thing that cannot be got around and that is that the general trend of the Bible leads to the conclusion that in a very definite sense this life is our probation time; and it stands as a warning to every careless, godless man who definitely and deliberately rejects Jesus Christ that he dare not hope for a new probation in the life to come. Let us have no misunderstanding about this.

How marvelous is the love of Christ! Out of Gethsemane's bloody sweat He comes; fresh from the bloody nails of the Cross, and in tender voice He pleads, as it were in the words we sing;

"I gave my life for thee; my precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened from the dead:

And I have suffered much; more than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony to rescue thee from Hell."

And, yet, with a voice of tenderest love like that ringing in our ears;

"We stop and turn for a moment's space,
To fling back that love in the Saviour's face;
To give His heart yet another grief,
And to glory in the wrong;
And still Christ keeps on loving us;
Loving all along!

"Rejected still, His voice comes as we tramp along,
Telling us of the golden street and the pleasant song;

"And we shout back angrily hurrying on
To a terrible home where rest is none;
'We want not your City's golden street;
We want not to hear its constant song!'
And still Christ keeps on loving us;
Loving all along!"

But it is a disposition just like that on the part of the sinner that works out the impossibility forever of ever turning to Christ either in this world or any other. A man's character tends to permanence. A man may so long set his will against Christ that his will becomes fixed and his character fixed along with it.

But the love of Christ within us makes it hard to believe that, if through all Eternity the most hardened sinner felt touched by the love of God and wanted to turn to Him, that man would not be saved. Our heart's desire is to believe otherwise if it is possible to so do, but the thing we fear is that *the man will not want to turn to God* because all of his past disposition, not only here but hereafter as well, will have made him incapable of doing so.

And for such a man the punishment of Hell can have no end. *To the man, therefore, who in this life has full knowledge of Christ and who to the end of this life deliberately and wilfully rejects Christ—to such a man the Bible gives no encouragement to hope that he will ever be able to turn to Christ in any other life.*

This is just as true of the heathen man as it is of the civilized, even though he have only, as Paul says in Romans 2:14, the dim light of Conscience bearing him witness.

And again we come to the question; What of the light-hearted, thoughtless child; of the youth brought up in an infidel home; of the honest doubter who stumbled at the gross misrepresentations of the Christian's Faith and the Christian's God; of the poor, struggling "*Man with the Hoe*," who saw no trace of Christ's love in his dreary life; of the countless heathen who in their blindness bow down to wood and stone—"children crying in the night, with no language but a

cry?" Can these be said to have deliberately rejected Christ? And is there no hope for them?

We have already said that our heart prompts us to believe that for such surely hope does not end at the grave, and that for such the retributions of the future life may yet one day by the mercy of God have their end.

Would you like to believe this? This much you surely may believe, that no one will be finally lost whom it is possible for God to save. We would not presume to speak dogmatically here. We must, of course, look into the Word of God, and I think we will see by so doing that our evangelical Christianity may have been a bit too pronounced in this matter, as it undoubtedly has been in other days as to the exact nature of the punishment which awaits the wicked beyond the grave.

One could hardly be honest and contend that some of the translations into our language from the Hebrew and the Greek of the Bible have not been influenced by the bias of theological opinion. There is no doubt whatsoever about this.

For instance, there is no such verb as "to damn" and no such noun as "damnation" in the Bible. The *severest* meaning one can get out of the verb is "to judge," or "to condemn," and out of the noun is "judgement," or "condemnation."

The word "Hell," with the meaning it has now acquired, is much too severe as a translation of any word found in Holy Writ. It is used once for "Tartarus," five times for "Hades," and twelve times for "Gehenna." Tartarus is merely the detention place where certain fallen angels are waiting the Judgement Day. Hades is merely the unseen world, the place of de-

parted spirits, and with Tartarus will one day come to an end.

Gehenna by no means carries with it the idea of "endlessness." Used, as it was, by our Saviour, and only by Him with one exception, as a metaphorical expression of future punishment, it is necessary to know the meaning attached to it by Jesus and by the Jews of His day to whom He was speaking when He used the word, and this certainly was not "endlessness" whatever else it may have been.

The word translated in the Authorized Version by "everlasting," and more correctly in the Revised Version by "eternal," means only "age-long." The Greek word is "aionios," a word which in itself never necessarily means "endless," and which is used repeatedly of things which have come and shall come to an end.

There are also passages here and there in which many of the greatest interpreters and most saintly divines have sensed a ray of hope beyond the grave. In Matthew 5:25 when the unmerciful debtor is handed over to imprisonment he is given to the tormentor only *until* the debt shall have been paid; while, once more, in Luke 15:4 Jesus Himself tells us that He will not cease to search for His lost sheep *until* He finds them.

In Matthew 12:32 it is said of one sin that it shall never have forgiveness neither in this age nor in the age to come. Is there not an implication here that for all other sins there is forgiveness either in this age or in the age to come?

When the Lord said in Matthew 11:21, "If the mighty works done in Bethsaida had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented," does He not suggest something of hope for those who had not been so favored in this life?

Among the passages of seemingly similar import a very conspicuous one is found in First Peter 3:19 where it says that after Christ was put to death in the flesh "He went and preached to the spirits in prison." This prison of the spirits was in the unseen world and Christ's descent into it has been made a conspicuous part of the Christian's Creed. "He descended into Hades," is the way the Apostle's Creed ought to read.

I know the various interpretations given to Peter's words to keep them consistent with established theology, but I candidly confess my inability to follow them.

Augustine, indeed, had the idea that Noah himself did the preaching. But it was not preaching by proxy at all. "*He (Christ) went and preached,*" and it was *after* He was put to death in the flesh.

It was to *lost souls in Hades* that He went and preached. This much is generally accepted today. But some insist that it was not the Gospel that He preached but that He went merely to proclaim His victory in their presence. But, pray, what worthy purpose could there have been in this? Surely this is the last thing we would think of Christ whose last prayer was, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do,"—that He would go to taunt these same lost souls with the terrible but well-deserved fruits of their rebellion, or that He would mock with the proclamation of a victory those who were only to be crushed under His chariot wheels as their Conqueror!

It is claimed that the Greek word used is not the one which is used of preaching the Gospel, but that it merely means "to herald," or "to make an announcement." But not only is this NOT the case, but the word which in itself does mean "*to preach the Gospel*" is the very word used in the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of this same Epistle, where Peter says, "*For*

this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead."

I know too how this latter verse is relieved of its apparent meaning in harmony with the present-day generally accepted teaching. One must not, of course, be over-confident. He ought the rather to stand very humbly in the presence of all such passages knowing that there are other Scriptures with which he must reckon.

And this is equally the case with another series of passages which seem to go yet a little further in the direction of a larger hope than we have been accustomed to think possible for the souls of those under consideration.

In Revelation 21:4-5 John heard "*every creature is in heaven, and on the earth, AND UNDER THE EARTH, saying, 'Blessing and honor and power and glory be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever.'*" And Paul says Philippians 2:11 that "*at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, AND THINGS UNDER THE EARTH.*" Who are these creatures "*under the earth*" who shall bow at the name of Jesus and ascribe blessing and honor and power and glory to God and to the Lamb?

We cannot go all the way with the Restorationist. It is interesting to note that Origen included the Devil himself in the plan which we are told in Scripture God has for "the restitution of all things." But we must not forget that if it is possible for punishment to lead to repentance it is equally possible for it to harden into the sullen resistance of the rebellious slave. Nor must we forget that there is *one* sin that hath no forgiveness "*neither in this age nor in that which is to come,*" that there is a "*worm that dieth not,*" and a

gulf that under certain conditions at least is impassable.

Yet when Paul, in First Corinthians 15:26, says, "*For He must reign until He hath put all things under His feet,*" we find ourselves wondering if the kind of victory Paul had in mind was one in which the vast majority of human souls are gnashing their teeth at Christ because He makes them to suffer the endless torments of Hell. Is this "*the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself?*" "*Will God be all in all,*" asks Dr. Davies, "*when vast multitudes of His creatures, the vast majority, are in impotent but absolute rebellion against Him?*"

If to these and other Scriptures of similar import be added such passages as Acts 3:21, "*Whom the heavens must receive until the Restitution of all things,*" and Ephesians 1:10, "*That in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ,*" and other passages which speak, seemingly without any reservation at all, of the future Restoration of all things, it is not surprising to know that many find it somewhat easy to reconcile with such Scriptures the thought which the heart that is blessed with charity so much desires to think; namely, that sin after bringing its own severe and awful punishment may yet be turned into holiness and so be forgiven. For myself, at least, I have always found it hard, when reading the many passages quoted, to get away from the impression that for some at least who have journeyed into the Great Unseen without conscious acceptance of Christ before going "*the dimness behind the veil is lit up with at least a gleam of hope.*"

Surely, this accords with the infinite mercy and the purest justice of a loving and long-suffering God; and

we are not surprised to find such a hope very clearly expressed among the early Bishops and Fathers of the Church, and many of the more prominent theologians of later times. These very saints and scholars *the Church has been pleased to quote* in defense of her position in other matters of belief, and surely, therefore, some weight should be allowed their opinion in the important matter we are discussing now.

Justin Martyr was born about the time John the Evangelist died, and this was a belief very dear to him.

Irenaeus comes next in time and he speaks very plainly about the departed having their sins forgiven in response to their acceptance of Christ when He preached the Gospel to them.

Clement of Alexandria, next in time, thinks the Apostles as well as Christ preached to the dead, and especially to the heathen, "*as was only fair*," since they had never heard of Christ before. Don't you rather like the frankness of that appeal, "*as was only fair*?"

Origen, the profound student of the Word, comes next, and when the notorious infidel Celsus, who knew well the widespread belief of the Church regarding this matter, laughed at the Christians and said, "*I suppose your Master, when He failed to persuade the living, had to try to persuade the dead.*" Origen met the sneer straight out and said, "*Whether it please Celsus or not, we of the Church assert that the soul of our Lord, stript of its body, held converse with other souls that He might convert those capable of instruction.*"

Tertullian, Cyprian, Cyril of Jerusalem, Gregory of Nazianzus, and Gregory of Nyssa and many other of the Fathers must be numbered among those who were not only sympathetic with, but were convinced of the

reasonableness and Scriptural soundness of this gracious aspect of the Gospel of the God of infinite mercy and boundless love.

What a name is that of Gregory of Nyssa, this canonized Saint and Bishop, the "*Father of Fathers*," whose writings were referred to by the Third General Council of the Church as "*the great bulwark of the Church against heresy!*" Surely such names should carry weight and command respect at least for the things they taught.

For 500 years, in the days nearest our Lord and His Apostles, the purest and most loving days, this was the gladdest and most triumphant note in the whole Gospel harmony. And then, too, it is well to remember that the General Councils of the Church have been most wisely silent on this matter and allowed her saintly and scholarly sons to hold these gracious beliefs without rebuke or censure, the Church never having made the matter an article of faith.

All down the centuries, even to later times, this most considerate belief concerning the departed dead has claimed the names of many whom the Church has been pleased to own as her greatest sons; such as the profoundly astute Augustine, the giant-hearted and massive-brained Luther, the great and saintly Bengel, the pre-eminently learned Leander, the marvelous and indefatigable Tholuck, the brilliant Frederick W. Robertson, the erudite Bishop Martensen, and Albert Barnes, and Dr. Dale, and Canon Farrar, and hosts of others equally eminent whom space forbids to mention.

X (May it not be, therefore, that to have this charitable hope for those who had no adequate opportunity here for knowing Christ and experiencing His love is not

to lay oneself open to the charge of disloyalty either to the Church or to her Bible?

When we know that there is none other name given under heaven whereby men must be saved, that there is no salvation apart from Christ, and then bring our minds to bear on the fact that God waited so many thousands of years before sending Christ into this world's history, it is not strange that one should think of the vast heathen world passing in uncounted thousands every year into the Unseen as having had no adequate opportunity for thus knowing Christ.

But just what an adequate opportunity would be for any one, be they heathen or otherwise, must, of course, be left with God. He only can judge that. There is no excuse for the heathen, as there is none for any other man, if he turn away from the light he has. It is after all a man's will and not his knowledge that determines his destiny, and God alone can weigh the responsibility of the will in any particular case.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Let us not be too hasty in passing judgement ourselves. God is the only one who knows when a man has irretrievably "*done despite to the Spirit of grace,*" and this much of comfort we can, at least, give to the bereaved mother sitting in her deep love and pain by the side of her dead son, namely, that, as the saintly Faber has said, "*No one will be lost until the Heavenly Father has, as it were, thrown His arms around him and looked him full in the face with the bright eyes of His love, and that of his own deliberate choice he would not have Him.*"

Of course, if there are any words in Scripture that plainly forbid our thinking thus hopefully for these certain classes who have gone unprepared into eternity,

we must and will bow in submission to God's deeper knowledge of what is divinely just and merciful.

Neither is there any question here of encouraging godless and careless men with the hope of a second chance. If you, my friend, are such an one, there are three things you must remember:

1. There is such a thing as wilfully rejecting Christ in this life. For such it must be written above the portals of the Unseen world, even as Dante found it written over his Inferno,

"ALL HOPE ABANDON, YE WHO ENTER HERE!"

To such the gates of heaven are forever closed;

"Too late! Too late!
Ye cannot enter now."

If with a full knowledge of Christ and His redeeming love you deliberately reject him, probation for you is forever at an end. Then God pity you in the Great Beyond!

2. Your attitude toward the light here, no matter how small or great that light may be, determines the moral bent of your disposition hereafter, and with it very largely one way or the other your eternal destiny.

It was said of certain ones in the Word of God, "*Therefore, they COULD NOT believe.*" There is no remedy hereafter for such a soul. When once, by reason of a man's own disposition, it becomes morally impossible to believe, the day of hope has passed for him.

But the thing I warn you against now is the possibility of this thing hereafter even though you may not have reached that awful condition of soul here and now. Either use your capacity or lose it. This is nature's—this is God's inexorable law. And if it does

not damn your soul it will make it tremendously hard for it to be saved. Tremendously hard here and a good deal harder hereafter even if opportunity ever should come your way again.

3. The third thing that such a man must remember is that regardless of the character of future punishment or its length it is both inevitable and terrible beyond description. You can forget God and daily crucify His Son afresh, but you can't do it with impunity. You can "*walk in the ways of your own heart and in the sight of your own eyes, but know thou,*" said Solomon, "*that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement!*"

"*Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished.*" You might as well walk into the fire and not expect to be burned, as, seeing judgement and not mercy denounced on wilful sin, to hope that it will turn out to be mercy and not judgement, and so defy the law of God.

Don't make any mistake about this. "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" And of this be also sure that once you find yourself in the debtor's prison house, if there is any coming out it will not be until you have "*paid the last farthing.*" "*Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.*"

He is a rash and a reckless sinner, indeed, who can get any encouragement out of this, or out of anything of all that has been said, to say, "*I will go on in sin and it does not matter.*" It *does* matter; most terribly and awfully it *does* matter. God cannot and He will not by any means clear the guilty.

But somebody has said that "God's severity is all love." And what I have tried to make you see throughout it all is that God is long-suffering and of

great mercy, and that His mercy endureth forever; and of this if any soul would take advantage to hope for mercy beyond the grave it would be to do so at its certain peril.

If you are honest simply because it is the best policy you are no better than a rogue. The virtue that has no other basis than the fear of Hell is no virtue at all. If there is no response in the heart to the undying love of God then, indeed, all hope is gone.

And here is the conclusion of the whole matter, namely, if any one does go to Hell it will be in spite of every effort that a merciful, loving God can make to keep you from doing it.

I am reminded of the sinful son who broke his mother's heart and sent her to an early grave, and how on the night after the funeral the father plead with the son not to go out again into sin, and, failing to persuade him, threw himself upon his knees before the door and told his son that if he went out again into a night of sin he would have to go over the body of his father to do it. With a curse the young man threw his father aside, pulling open the door, and went out.

And so, oh men and women, it is with you. With what infinite yearning God has tried to save you! And tonight I come to you with a message like this; if you go to Hell you will have to go over every sermon you have ever heard; over every prayer that has ever gone up to God for your soul; over every tear that has ever been shed for you; over every entreaty that any loved one has ever made to you; and some of you, God pity you, over your promise to meet a dying mother in heaven, or over a little baby's grave out in yonder cemetery; but more than this, if you go, you will have to go over the body of your crucified Lord and Christ, who throws Himself before the door of Hell today, tonight, and begs of you to stay back.

DO ANGELS MINISTER
TO THE LIVING?

“Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!”

“Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.”

“Angels sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.”

—From F. W. Faber's, “Hark!
Hark! My Soul.”

THE MINISTRY OF THE ANGELS

“Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—Hebrews 1:14.

It isn't necessary for you and me to know very much about the angels. If it were, the Lord would have told us more about them. Perhaps it is best that we do not know. At any rate not very much is said about angels in the Bible. It is quite natural that one should want to know. But God knows what is best.

This is one proof that the Bible is inspired. If some impostor had written it he would have satisfied our curiosity to the limit in this and in every other respect. He would have told us all about their number, and their nature and their marvelous doings. He would have informed us as to how many angels could dance on the point of a fine needle, and answered all the other foolish questions that people used to ask about them. So while we may not understand why so little is said about them, it is pretty good proof that the Bible did not come from man.

There is a song we used to sing. I think some people are singing it yet; “I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand.” But we never will be. We are to be like the angels in one respect at least. So three of the Gospels make Jesus declare. I am sure, however, that we are going to be like them in some other respects as well. But if you want to be an angel you are cherishing a desire that will never be gratified. I would rather be a redeemed saint any day.

Now let us see what we can learn from the Bible about the angels.

1. Angels are special creations of God. They are lower, of course, than God, but they are higher than man. They were created before men. In fact they were created before the world, for they sang together and shouted for joy when the world was made.

2. They are spiritual beings of course. They do not have bodies like you and I have; and yet I am not altogether persuaded that they do not have bodies at all. (First Corinthians 15:40; Luke 2:9; Philipians 2:10; Matthew 22:30 and 28:3.)

3. All angels were created good, but some of them fell into sin and became demons. Just what their sin was we do not know. Doubtless it was pride and jealousy of the Son of God (First Timothy 3:6). At any rate Peter says, "God spared not the angels that sinned," and then goes on to tell us how they were forced to leave their habitation in heaven, and how the Devil, who led the rebellion, was cast down with the rest of them.

Some people who profess themselves wise beyond the Word of God laugh at us for believing the Devil and his fallen angels really exist, but the fact is that in the Bible the fallen angels are mentioned more often than the holy ones. The number that fell God alone knows, but it was great. The Word says that when Satan fell he drew a third part of the stars of heaven with him—that is, a third part of the angels.

4. These fallen angels, who are possessed of supernatural power, have their headquarters in the air. Satan is called "the prince of the powers of the air." Now, it stands to reason that if in any way these evil spirits can reach and influence those upon the earth

and seduce them from the worship of God they will exert all their devilish ingenuity to do it.

The people who call themselves "Spiritualists" want us to believe that the spirits of our departed dead come back and minister to us. It is necessary to have what they call a "Medium," some sort of a Witch of Endor, through whom these spirits can manifest themselves. I know that some people think the whole thing is a piece of brazen trickery. A big part of it has been exposed time and time again to be just that very thing. But I am not inclined to believe that trickery explains it all.

Certainly Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir Alfred Wallace, and Sir William Crookes, and a score of others of like scientific reputation are not a bunch of howling liars about what they claim to have seen in the seance for themselves. But the thing I am inclined to believe is that when anything beyond real trickery takes place, we would know, if we only knew the truth, that the spirits, who consort with the gullible guests of the darkened seance room and show to us the really inexplicable spiritualistic phenomena, are not the spirits of our departed loved ones at all, but spirits whose photographs, if they could be taken, would reveal a cloven hoof, a forked tail, a horny head, and a lying tongue. My advice is: stay out of the seance; you will save both your money and your peace of mind if you do.

But it is about the good angels we want especially to speak, and of their ministry to us, if there is such a thing, the angels who kept their first estate and did not fall. It is for this reason they are called the "holy angels." They are also called the "angels in heaven," because heaven is still their home.

1. They are spiritual beings possessed of the finest

intelligence. They have knowledge next to God's, and superior to that of any other created being.

2. They are possessed with mighty power. One of them slew in one night 185,000 men in Sennacherib's army.

3. The number of them is very great. In Daniel 7:10 we read, "Thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him." In Hebrews 12:22 they are called "an innumerable company."

4. They are usually pictured with wings, but that is no more proper than it is to paint the Devil with hoofs and horns.

5. They never grow old. The angel seen in the sepulcher by the women, who came to anoint the body of Jesus, was 4,000 years old, but the record says he looked like a young man.

6. It is their employment to do the will of God. They aid in conducting the worship of heaven; they go on errands to any part of God's creation He may send them. Sometimes they are His instruments to bring wrath upon the wicked, but their chief business, it seems, is to minister to the saints of God while they are still in this world. And this brings us again to our text, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

The angels surely did help the saints of God in other days. The Bible is full of it.

It was an angel who helped Hagar to a well of water when she was about to perish in the desert.

It was an angel who led Lot out of the fiery storm that consumed the cities of the plain.

It was an angel who stayed the arm of Abraham and saved Isaac to become the progenitor of the Son of God.

It was an angel who attended Jacob in his wilderness journeys, hovered around his stone-pillowed head, and delivered him in the day of his distress.

It was an angel who encouraged Joshua at Jericho and it was an angel who prepared food for the discouraged Elijah and gently touching the sleeping prophet said, "*Arise and eat.*"

It was an angel who locked the lions' jaws for Daniel, unlocked the prison doors for Peter, and stood by Paul in the midnight hour as the wild tempest tore his ship to pieces.

It was an angel who appeared unto Christ in Gethsemane and strengthened Him in the hour of His crushing agony.

Surely, then, when the writer of Hebrews says that the angels are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation today, we have every reason to believe that we are not forgotten by these blessed spirits whose chief delight both day and night is to do the will of a kind and loving God.

The ancients believed that every man had both his good and his evil angel. We know nothing about any such evil angel, but it is very plain from Acts 12:15 that the Disciples of Jesus believed that every Christian has his good angel, a guardian angel to watch over him all through life from the cradle to the grave. They thought Peter was still in jail, and when the maid told them that Peter was at the door, they said, "It is his angel." They got this idea originally from the Jews who had believed it for centuries. The early Church believed it, as did nearly all the Church Fathers—that each Christian has his own guardian angel.

The only other reference in the Bible to this is where Jesus in Matthew 18:10, speaking of little children, said, "Their angels do always behold the face

of my Father who is in heaven." This, of course, had a broader reference to Christians with the proper child-like spirit. The Disciples took this to be a confirmation on the part of Jesus of the popular belief. That certainly was a natural way to take it. The statement does not, it is true, compel the interpretation the Disciples put upon it, but certainly Jesus would have been more careful about even seeming to confirm the popular view if He had known it to be false.

Since, therefore, it is plainly stated in our text that the good angels are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, what more natural and reasonable arrangement than that the same angel should exercise his watchful care over the same individual, and consider such an one to be his own special charge as it pleased the Father in heaven to so entrust him; although, thank God, as good, old Matthew Henry says, "if there is ever occasion for it every Christian can have a whole guard of angels."

What a comforting thought it is anyway! In moments when the light does not shine and we do not know which way to go; in our weakness and in our distress; when the enemy bears down heavy upon us; when we are helpless; in the midst of it all and through it all God's angels come to guide and guard and defend us.

We forget the angels far too much. They are not to be worshiped, as the Catholics would have us do, but we could at least thank God a little more for sending them.

Two of the sweetest utterances that have ever fallen on human ears are the promises of God in the 34th and the 91st Psalms. The first one says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Here is a whole camp of

them round about the dwelling place of the righteous. No monarch in the midst of his royal guard ever rested so safely and so securely as the child of God may do. The other passage reads, "Because thou hast made the Lord, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

If you ask how these angels carry on their work, you ask a question that no man can fully answer. For reasons quite sufficient with God they do not come in human form any more. Neither is Christ any more as He was in the days of His flesh. But the ministry of the one as well as of the other is none the less real on that account.

People are quite free to admit that evil spirits can communicate with our spirits, and if that is so, then certainly the good angels must have the same power. Because of their supernatural insight they know our hearts and everything within them—our thoughts, and our inclinations toward that which would be for our good or that which would prove to be our undoing.

I sometimes think they come to us in our dreams and influence our subconscious selves, and warn us against evil to come, and sometimes reveal things to us for our good which otherwise we might not know. They did, at least, in other days. If an angel warned Joseph in a dream, and other saints of God have been admonished and had things so revealed which could in no other way have been discovered, why could not the same thing be true for you and me? "In a dream, in a vision of the night, then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth

their instruction that He may withdraw man from his purpose."

The first care of these ministering angels is, of course, for the soul. The finer emotions that are awakened in the soul; the moving of our wills to embrace the good and to flee from that which is evil; the light that is so often thrown on that which is dark and obscure; the dissipation of doubt and our confirmation of the truth that is after godliness—for all these and other spiritual encouragements we are more often indebted to ministering angels than some of us have been wont to think.

Do these ministering angels minister to our bodies as well as to our souls? Yes, we are inclined to think they do. Even a wicked angel, with God's permission, smote Job's body with boils, and would have killed him if God had not saved his life. As John Wesley put it, "They know all the springs of this curious machine and can, with God's permission, touch any of them so as either to stop or restore its motion." We remember that Daniel said, "There remained no strength in me; neither was there any breath in me. Then came one (a ministering angel) and touched me and said, 'Peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong.' And when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened."

We are hearing a good deal in these days about Divine Healing. A lot of it is pure caricature of what God means by it in His Word. But we all believe most certainly with the Psalmist that there is One, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases." And we like to think of an angel agency in seeing that God's will is done in this respect. More than once we have been kept from danger that might

have proved fatal, and we have said, "An angel of the Lord hath done this thing."

But, now, we must not forget that we have been talking of ministering angels to those who are "heirs of salvation." If you are not an "heir of salvation" this message thus far has no meaning for you. But you may become an "heir of salvation," and there are other considerations in connection with the ministry of angels that ought to make you pause and seriously think whether you do not now, while you are yet in the day of hope, want to yield your life to God and your allegiance to His Son.

The most precious thing on earth in the sight of heaven is the tear of repentance that drops from the penitent sinner's eye. We know of this angel-interest in our spiritual welfare from the fact that "there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth."

Do you know the "Romance of Lalla Rookh?" It is Moore's masterpiece. In it he has a poem on "Paradise and the Peri." The Peri were the descendants of the fallen angels and they were shut out of heaven, and the only way they could get in was to bring to heaven's gate the thing most precious in the world, and the thing most dear in heaven. They took a drop of a patriot's blood, but it would not do. They took the farewell sigh of a maiden dying for her lover, but the crystal bar of Eden's gate it did not move. And then the Peri saw a robber, a fugitive from justice, watching a little child at play. The little lad stopped his play and knelt down and prayed, and as the robber saw him he thought of the time when he was young and pure, and looked and prayed even as the little child. And then in sorrow for his sins he hung his

head, and as the tears rolled down his cheeks he went and kneeled down by the side of the little child and prayed himself. And up in heaven an angel smiled and the light of his smile fell on the tear that wet the criminal's face. And the Peri flew and caught the tear as it fell and with it in her hand she winged her way back to heaven. And the angel smiled and cried "Come in!" May God help us to see that there is no other way to come except with the tears of repentance.

But the angels of God not only rejoice when they see us repent, and minister to us in a thousand ways while we live, but they help us to die, and carry us home when we leave this world into God's own Paradise beyond the skies.

It is related of Dr. Durbin, one of our noted preachers of other days, that in one of his most eloquent sermons he told of the death of his little son Willie. The boy was a little under twenty, and said the father, "Just before he died we were talking quietly together until something called me away, and when I returned and looked upon him he was gone. In the loneliness and desolation that crept over me I found myself wondering, 'How could Willie find his way home? How could he pick out his path homeward among the stars and the planets and other worlds?' And I was perplexed," he said, "until I found a verse of Scripture that came to my relief and made it all plain." The interest in his audience by this time was at high pitch. Of course, they wanted to know the Scripture. Then came the quotation; "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was *carried by the angels* into Abraham's bosom." And with an emphasis that thrilled every heart he said, "Then I knew how Willie found his way home."

Thank God, such a thing is true. Yes, and I am in-

clined to believe there is something more than imagination in the vision of angels that has attended so many dying saints. They may come because of quickened intellectual and spiritual perception which is often keenest when physical powers decline, as every psychologist knows; or it may please God of His own free will to grant them. I could spend hours telling you of these rapturous experiences.

When the beloved Bishop Haven was passing away, he said, "Oh this delightful dying—so pleasant—so beautiful—the angels are here—God lifts me up in His arms!"

When the saintly Mr. Hammond died he lifted himself up on his bed and said, "I see things that are unutterable. O blessed angels that carried Lazarus to heaven, bear me to the bosom of my best Beloved. Amen. Come. Lord Jesus, come quickly!" And he fell asleep.

One other thing ought to be said. The time of judgement is coming and God is going to employ His angels to carry it out.

In explaining the parable of the fish-net, Jesus said, "So shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just." And the parable of the wheat and the tares He closed by saying, "The field is the world; the harvest is the end of the world; the reapers are the angels."

It is through angels that God will care for His saints, and through angels that judgement is to be brought upon the unbelieving and the wicked.

When Jesus comes again it is said, "And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." And

again it is said, "And the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, men and women, how can you think on all these things and not be concerned about the hereafter!

Listen! Do angels ever weep? Yes, I think they do. There are no tears in heaven. But when angels come to earth and see some of the things they must behold, then tears, I think, are wrung from eyes they were never meant to stain. And what can it be if it is not the heartless indifference to the Saviour's bleeding sacrifice for your redemption; the cold unbelief in the Gospel of His reconciliation; the obstinate rejection of the undeserved offer of His mercy, and the careless trifling with a thing so precious in the sight of heaven as your own immortal soul!

Old men, buried with your gold! Angels weep over you!

Busy men, with no concern but commercial gain and professional prosperity! Angels weep over you!

Intellectual sirs, absorbed in academical technicalities! Angels weep over you!

Young men, riding to your own undoing with loose rein thrown over the neck of your passion! Angels weep over you!

Young women, frittering away your days in vanities and empty pleasures! Angels weep over you!

And as you hear the voice of God calling to you now, even as you read—the voice of a sainted mother's prayer; the voice of the vows you have made and broken; the voice of loved ones gone before; the voice of the tears that have been shed for you, the entreaties that have been made, and the sermons that have been preached to you—for all these have been the voice

of God, calling, calling to you—and **He** is calling now—would to God, as you hear these voices, there might be joy in the presence of the angels over you because of your repentance and your faith and your willingness to do the will of God.

IS THERE SUCH A PERSON
AS THE DEVIL?

In the presence of his hosts of fallen angels, who had welcomed his return, Satan told how as a serpent with an apple he had "seduced man from his Creator."

"So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ears."

But on the contrary he heard on every side from all hell's innumerable tongues,

"A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.
He wondered, but not long had leisure;
Wondering at himself now more.
His visage drawn, he felt too sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted, down he fell—
A monster serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant but in vain; a greater power
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned
According to his doom."

Milton in "Paradise Lost."

"Men don't believe in the Devil now,
As their fathers used to do.
The Devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work
The Devil alone can do?
The Devil was fairly voted out,
And of course the Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on."

THE ORIGIN, WORK AND END OF THE DEVIL

"I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."—Luke 10:18.

THE subject of this sermon is the Devil. And at the sound of his name a hundred questions crowd upon each other for an answer.

Of course, among the intelligentsia there is no such individual. In cultured circles God is usually spelled with two o's and the Devil without a "d"; good and evil are God and Devil enough. The Devil as a living reality, as a personal being is a mere figment of the imagination, a myth of a bygone age.

Some one asked a noted preacher why he believed there was a personal Devil, and he said, "I believe it for two reasons; First, because the Bible says there is, and Second, because I've done business with Him." And this reminds me of the man who came to Mr. Finney and said:

"I don't believe in the existence of a Devil."

"Don't you?" said the old man, "Well, you resist him for a while, and you will believe in it."

Now, the Word of God gives more than 30 names to the Devil and every one of them implies and predicates his personality. Among his other unflattering titles he is called "a liar," "a thief," "a murderer." It is perfectly puerile to talk about a "principle of evil" in order to avoid the fact of the Devil's personality. There could be no such thing as a lie without a liar, or a theft without a thief, or a murder without a mur-

derer. Imagine a policeman chasing the "principle of theft" down the street, or firing his pistol into the "spirit of murder!" To deny the existence and personality of the Devil is not only to give the lie to your own experience, but to "make God a liar" and to impeach the truthfulness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now comes the question of origin. Who is the Devil and where did he come from?

The simple fact is, God created him. It is made quite clear in the Word that angels came first in the order of creation, then matter, and then man.

Among the angels there were three of highest authority, Michael, Gabriel, and The Anointed Cherub. This last was the Devil, and of the three he was the chiefest in every respect, the highest of all created intelligences.

Now, of course, it is unthinkable that God could have created anything that was essentially and originally evil. Man is a sinner today, but God did not create him a sinner. The poor fool set his will against the will of God and got himself in the mess that he's been in ever since. The same thing is true of the Devil. God did not create him as the Devil but He created the one who subsequently, because of his sin, became the Devil. "Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee." That's the way God puts it, and He is speaking of the Devil.

If you want to know the kind of a being the Devil used to be you can read it over in Ezekiel, the twenty-eighth chapter. The words are spoken of the king of Tyre, but it is utterly impossible to refer them to any human being. They refer to the Devil of whom this king in his glory and his wickedness was a fitting type. And here are the words:

"Thou sealest up the sum." That means he was the sum of all created perfection.

"Full of wisdom and perfect in beauty." Think of that!

"Every precious stone was thy covering." That is, God had decked him out with every form of His own beauty.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth." That means he was made the guardian and protector of the very throne of the Most High God, even as the golden cherubs covered the mercy seat where God dwelt in the Holy Place of the earthly tabernacle. I wish time would allow us to indicate all that this implies. Yes, sin and rebellion were possible even there and the very thing of which this exalted Cherub himself later became guilty, he was anointed of God to forestall.

"Thou wast upon the holy mountain of God." That means he was given a place in the very government of God and dwelt by the very side of the throne of Deity.

"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day thou wast created, until iniquity was found in thee."

"The Anointed Cherub!" But he had in those golden days another name besides this one. In fact this one, or "The Covering Cherub," as he is also called, is rather an official designation, whereas his personal name, the true and glorious name first given him was, "Lucifer." This word in the original Hebrew means "Bright, or Shining One." In Isaiah 14 he is called, "Lucifer, son of the morning," the whole of which is but a poetical expression for "The Bright and Morning Star," a title exactly like the one the Lord Jesus twice assumed for Himself in the book of Revelation.

Think of an angelic being like this; perfect in beauty,

full of wisdom, and in holiness not unlike the Son of Righteousness Himself!

How far removed is this from the repulsive looking being with swine-like face and bestial body, with horn and hoof and forked-tail, such as Albert Dürer was accustomed to depict upon his celebrated canvas; or the grotesque monster popularized by Milton in his "Paradise Lost"; or the current notions of this marvelous creature as he is made to appear in our illustrated magazines and on the stage.

Even Michael, when contending with the Devil for the body of Moses, recognizing the dignity that had been conferred upon him, "durst not bring against him a railing accusation." That is, he knew it was unbecoming to rebuke one higher than himself, and so he said, "The Lord rebuke thee."

Now, it was to such a being that God gave dominion over the earth. He was made the Prince of the world. Hardly this earth and this world, but an earlier one, we are inclined to believe.

We have been accustomed to think that the heavens and the earth mentioned in the first verse of Genesis came from the hand of God "without form and void," or, as the Hebrew suggests, "an empty waste or ruin." The expression is "Tohu i'bohu."

But, is it not strange that God would create such confusion and waste, and then call it "good"? But this is the very thing which the Word says He did not do. In Isaiah 45:18 it says, "He created it not in vain"; that is, *not* "without form and void." The words are exactly the same, "Tohu i'bohu."

Now, how are you going to reconcile those statements? I know of no other way than to translate the Hebrew verb in Genesis 1:2, now rendered, "was," by

its actual meaning, which is, "became"; that is, "And the earth became without form and void."

When did the earth become so? Millions of years perhaps after it was created in Genesis 1:1, for aught we know. And during all this time Lucifer was its Prince.

And now we are confronted with the question as to what caused the ruin and waste of God's once perfect creation. And the only answer commensurate with such a disaster is the sin and the consequent fall of Lucifer, the Anointed Cherub.

That there was an earlier, a pre-Adamic world is clearly implied in the statement concerning The Anointed Cherub, "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God," for this was long before his fall into sin took place. Further than this Jeremiah 4 would seem to settle the matter. He says, "I beheld the earth, and lo, it was without form and void." Same words, "Tohu i'bohu." And he says "there was no man; the birds of heaven were gone; the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and by His fierce anger."

The conclusion, therefore, seems to be that upon the apostacy and rebellion of The Anointed Cherub God took his dominion from him and laid it in waste and in desolation and ruin.

The fact of a pre-Adamic world is further confirmed by the fact that the Lord told our first parents to "multiply and re-plenish, *i.e.*, re-people the earth." Replenish means to refill; if the earth had never been filled before why did God give such a command. He told Noah and his sons to do the same thing after the flood.

Now we have discovered where the Devil came from. It was when Lucifer, Bright Star of the Morn-

ing, The Anointed Cherub sinned that he became the Devil. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

As to the character of his sin there is little, if any doubt.

It says in Ezekiel 28:17, "Thine heart was *lifted up* because of thy beauty." It was his pride that caused him to sin, and this is in keeping with I Timothy 3:6, where Paul tells Timothy not to make an elder out of a novice, "lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the Devil."

And so we hear Lucifer saying, "I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars; I will sit upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High!" Puffed up with pride because of his beauty, his wisdom, and his brightness he disowned the supremacy of his Creator and claimed equality with the Most High God, and struck at the throne he was anointed to defend, and in his rebellion, we are told in Revelation 12:4, one third of heaven's inhabitants rallied to his standard. What a calamitous thing, and what terrible things followed in its wake! These are the angels mentioned in Jude who kept not their first estate.

We do not know that there was any immediate occasion for Lucifer's fall. Perhaps it was just his ambition for pre-eminence. It has been suggested, however, that when God made known in heaven His intention to give Christ, His "Firstborn," dominion over the earth and to finally exalt Him to His own Throne, that it was then that envy entered Lucifer's heart, and driven by envy and his inordinate pride he said, "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God." We do not know.

And so Lucifer, The Anointed Cherub, became the Devil!

And since that day his titles have been numerous and very far from flattering. They have all been given him by the Word of God. There are more than thirty of them.

Thirty-five times he is called "The Devil." It means, "Accuser," "Slanderer."

Fifty-two times he is called "Satan." It means, "Enemy," "Adversary."

He is called "Apollyon," which means "Destroyer."

He is called "Belial," which means the "Lawless One."

He is called "Beelzebub," which means, "The Prince of Demons."

He is called "a liar and the father of lies," "a thief," "a murderer," "The Wicked One," "That Old Serpent," "The Prince of Darkness," "The Prince of the Powers of the Air."

He is called "The God of this Age," and "The Prince of this World."

These last two titles suggest at once the question of the Devil's relation to this world and the one from which he fell.

When and how did he become the Prince of this present world? The world after its destruction in Genesis 1:2 was reconstructed and in it, "eastward in Eden" God planted a Garden, and here Adam, the man whom God had formed, was placed and told to "*have dominion* over the earth and over everything that moveth over the face of the earth." The Devil's jealousy was aroused. This dominion had been his own, and by right of conquest he determined it should be again. He met Adam and triumphed over him. He

wrested the scepter of sovereignty from him by seducing him to disobedience and apostacy.

You will remember how the Devil took Christ into a high mountain, showed Him all the kingdoms of this world, and told Him they should all be His if He would but fall down and worship him. Christ, you will remember, did not dispute his claim, but afterwards on three different occasions He owned the Devil to be exactly what he claimed to be, "The Prince of this world."

He had been prince by divine right of the world that was before Adam came on the scene. He is now prince only by divine suffrance. In fact he is a usurper. He reigns a good deal like Saul reigned for some time after David had been anointed king. He is king *de facto*. Christ is King *de jure*. We are told in Revelation 5 that Christ holds the title deed to this world. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Satan triumphed over the First Adam, but he was no match for the Second Adam. On the Cross he met his final defeat. It was there that the heel of the woman's seed bruised the serpent's head. It was there, as Christ said, the Prince of this world was judged and cast out. The sentence of death was passed upon him, but like a criminal under sentence awaiting execution, so the Devil's final doom still awaits him, and the first thing that Christ will do when He comes again to reign will be to remove the Devil from authority and from the earth.

It is for this reason that Satan is represented in Scripture as still having dominion over this earth, and you and I are walking through a world of which none other than the Son of God tells us that the Devil is still its Prince.

Now, this brings us to the other interesting question

as to the Devil's present relation to the heavenly world from which he fell.

Back in our original passage in Ezekiel 28 we hear the Lord God saying to The Anointed Cherub,

"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day thou wast created until iniquity was found in thee; therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee, O Covering Cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire."

Now, because the Devil is after this found in heaven there are some who think his headquarters are still there. They think that when the Lord God said, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" that He was speaking only in a prophetic sense, and that so Jesus was speaking when He said, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," and that Satan's actual banishment is still in the future and will take place when the "war in heaven" mentioned in Revelation 12 is on.

But this is a mistake. I think it is made plain that when he fell he was driven from his place in glory and made to inhabit the earth and the air, and that he was given the privilege of passing from one sphere to the other at his will. This seems to be made plain from the following passages:

In Job 1:7 and 2:2 when the sons of God presented themselves before the Lord it says, "And Satan came also." And when the Lord asked him whence he came, he said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Then in Revelation 2:13 we find Christ saying to the Church at Pergamos, "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's throne is," and the Church at Pergamos was certainly on this earth.

Once more, we are told that "we wrestle not against

flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual host of wickedness in the heavenlies." The "heavenlies" here refer to the air, as in Ephesians 2:2 where Satan is called "The Prince of the powers of the air."

The last time the Devil appears in heaven is during the "war in heaven" which is to take place at the end of this present age when he is to be hurled down for the last time and cast into the bottomless pit and a little later to be shut up in hell forever.

The Devil's headquarters are therefore not in heaven now, nor are they in hell, as most people seem to think. They are in the air, and he spends the most of his time, as Peter says, "walking up and down the earth as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

We are now at the place to consider for a few moments his present purpose and program.

As to his purpose you may be surprised to hear it said that the Devil still retains his ambition that led to his fall; that he is still determined to "exalt his throne above the stars of God; to be like the Most High": In other words still to wrest the scepter of the universe from the hand of God, and if he finally fails in this and must go to hell, he is determined by all that is in his power to take every child of Adam with him as he goes.

Now, that's his purpose. What's his program?

He began with the first pair that God created, and you know the result. Then God came and said, "You have been on friendly terms with this woman, but I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed." Her seed was the Lord Jesus Christ, and from that moment the only begotten Son of God became the object of the Devil's attack. The gauntlet had been thrown down.

He began by trying to prevent Christ's entrance into this world, His Incarnation. It's a long history. We can't follow it in detail.

He polluted the hearts of men until God had to well-nigh destroy the world by a flood. When he learned that Christ was to come through the seed of Abraham he twice sought the ruin of Sarah, and then in later years he inspired the Egyptian Pharaoh to put to death all the *male* children of the Hebrews. He tried to exterminate the tribe of Judah. Through Haman's plot he tried everywhere to exterminate the Jews.

And then when the fullness of time had come and Jesus, in spite of all the Devil had done or could do, was born he tried to compass his destruction. He got Herod to kill all the children under the age of two; he tried to get Jesus to throw Himself down from the temple; he lashed the sea into a fury and tried to drown Him.

Failing in every effort to destroy Him he tries to prevent His sacrifice by which He was to become the world's Redeemer. Peter said, "Don't go up to Jerusalem and be crucified," and Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was the Devil talking in Peter. And when at last Jesus hung helpless on the Cross he challenged Him to prove His Deity by coming down, and at last as He lay in the Tomb the Devil sealed it and put a guard about it to keep Him in.

We must not think that during all this time he was not busy corrupting the hearts of men. Balked and defeated in his every attack against the Son of God, now, while the Lord Christ is sitting at the right-hand of His Father's throne, Satan becomes especially active in his devilish determination to nullify the virtue of Christ's atoning death by seducing the sons of men and so thwarting the plans of God at last. But this is not

without intention, as we will see, to some day renew his attack upon the throne of God which he is still determined to have for himself.

Now, you'll need the whole armor of God, and you'll need it constantly, if you get away with a clean bill of moral and spiritual health in your stand against the wiles of the Devil; for it is not against flesh and blood that you wrestle, but against "the roaring lion," against "the great red dragon," against "the Prince of the power of the air."

Now, just a word about the Devil's method of attack.

He is not so much concerned about making a drunkard or a libertine or a murderer out of you, or to debauch and debase your nature in any other respect as he is to nullify and to thwart the saving virtue of Christ's sacrificial work on the Cross in your behalf.

A drunkard is the work of the Devil none the less. It's sin that makes a murderer, but the author of sin is the one who was a murderer from the beginning. He inculcated his murderous nature into man and put the urge to kill within his soul. And so it is with the thief and the liar and the libertine.

But the Devil would much prefer you to be a moral and respectable man without Christ forever than to be the most debauched human being in the world and yet some day to have the eyes of your understanding opened and be saved by the glorious Gospel of his great enemy, the Only Begotten Son of the Most High God. And so in the Parable of the Sower, "The Devil cometh and taketh away the Word out of their hearts lest they should believe and be saved."

His method therefore is far more one of respectability than it is of debauchery. And so we read in II Corinthians 4, "And if our Gospel is veiled, it is

veiled in them that perish: in whom the god of this age hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them."

You know when the Devil sowed tares among the wheat he sowed something that looked so much like wheat you could hardly tell the difference until the harvest came. And so the Devil today is occupied in producing something that looks a good deal like Christianity, and by which thousands are being deceived to the destruction of their own souls. You know there is a "narrow way that leads unto life," and "There is a way that seemeth right, but the end thereof is death." And this is the way—"the way that seemeth right"—the Devil is using to carry on his hellish business.

He is an ardent advocate of education and culture. Morality and good works he would have you believe are virtues most commendable. Philanthropy and civic-righteousness, and all sorts of reform movements are much to be encouraged; for he would let the world know that salvation of both the individual and of society is by character. And thus there is no need of Christ nor any blood that He might shed.

How subtle "the Devil and Satan which deceiveth the whole world" really is. It was by this way he deceived the first woman, and in this way he has worked ever since. Look at the field of literature. How skillfully he interweaves with much that is commendable, teachings that are utterly subversive of the Gospel of grace.

What a pity that a winsome novel like "The Bonnie Briar Bush" should lend itself to a belittlement of the Biblical teaching of human depravity and eternal punishment, and adroitly encourage credence in the dan-

gerous doctrine of universal salvation. And this is but one of many.

When a man can listen to the teaching of "The Christ of the Indian Road" and get an impression that he can follow Christ and still remain a Hindu, this high dignitary of the air, whose person and work we have been considering, is not greatly worried over the tremendous sales of the little volume just mentioned.

The Bible knows nothing of a merely ethical Christ. Christ never came into this world to set Himself up as an example for men to follow and thus obtain eternal life. He came not to live but to die, and any book setting forth the road that man must walk to God which does not make prominent the Cross and its substitutionary work for that man's lost soul is not going to unduly disturb the Devil you may be sure.

One must even be well on his guard when handling many of these modern translations of the Bible, used as they often are to disseminate the author's opinions about Evolution and other Christ-dishonoring doctrines.

Then look at the pulpit. Even the Devil's ministers, we are told in II Corinthians 11 are, "ministers of righteousness." The Devil doesn't care how often you go to church if only you listen to him as to what church you attend; for in this church, although people are far too slow to recognize it, the Devil himself is to occupy the pulpit.

What a wonderful preacher the Rev. So and So really is. How softly he prophesies pleasing things unto the people. He speaks in beautiful phrases about the Universal Brotherhood of Man as though we were all the spiritual children of the Heavenly Father, although he knows that Paul says we are "the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ."

Of course when the Father of Lies enters the pulpit he doesn't forthwith deny the fundamentals of the Christian's holy faith. He is far too intelligent for that. Of course there is a God but He is far too good to allow anyone to suffer torment in the life to come. And what a beautiful exemplar Jesus Christ really was for you and me to emulate.

Man should be good and give himself to doing good works, for after all does it not take a good character to assure one of eternal salvation, and are we not commended to God by the good deeds we have done. But no reference is made to the Bible which says that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins," and that "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."

I beg of you, my friend, be not deceived. "There is a way that seemeth right, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Are you trusting in yourself or are you trusting in the finished work of Jesus Christ? Morality and good works are powerless to redeem your soul. To trust in these is to follow the Father of Lies to his own terrible doom that awaits him when his end is come.

A word about that doom and we are done. Don't imagine for one minute that the old Devil has given up his designs on the Throne of the Almighty. He is to make one last supreme effort to overthrow it. We read in Revelation 12, "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels; and prevailed not. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." This will no doubt take place

shortly before the second coming of Christ. This is the Devil's final expulsion from heaven.

He knows his time is short and his wrath is great and the times are to be times of great tribulation in which he will do his best to stamp out all recognition of the God he has so long dared to defy. But suddenly, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and who obey not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ," and one of his mighty angels—it does not say which one, but I like to think it is Michael—shall lay hold on the dragon, that old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and cast him into the bottomless pit, his prison, the Bible says, for a thousand years. These years may be literal or the expression may be a symbolic one, but they are a time of wondrous blessedness on earth with no influence of Satan to blight and curse and damn.

There is one last act in the great conflict. When the thousand years are over the old Devil is loosed a little while. Malignant and rebellious as ever he deceives the Gentile nations which are in the four corners of the earth and gathers them together for one last tremendous effort to destroy the holy city and the saints within it. But God Almighty speaks with fire from heaven, "And the devil that deceived the nations was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever." An eternity of torment! And so the history of The Anointed Cherub, the Devil, the old Serpent, the Great Red Dragon comes to its close.

And may God hasten the coming of that day when the Prince of this world shall have been driven from

his present dominion and Jesus Christ shall have come into possession of His blood-bought inheritance.

My friend, listen; on which side in this conflict are you enlisted? Is it the Prince of this world or the Prince of Peace to whom you have given your allegiance? There is no neutrality. "He that is not with me," says Christ, "is against me." You may be indifferent to the claims of Christ; you may be thoughtless of His shed-blood for the remission of your sins, and follow on to share with the Devil in his awful end, or you may follow with Christ and reign with Him when the battle is over. And may God help you to decide aright.

We are told in Revelation that the Devil in heaven is the accuser of the brethren before God day and night. He is virtually saying to the Almighty, "You claim that justice and righteousness are the foundations of your Throne; You cast me out because I sinned, but what about these? This one is a confessed murderer; that one was once a worshipper of idols; this one defiled thy holy Sabbath Day, and the lips of this one profaned thy holy Name. Now deal with them as Thou hast dealt with me! They are mine."

And the accused must plead guilty to the charge. Already the talons of the old Dragon are upon them, when the court of heaven rings with a mighty voice but with a wondrous sweetness in its tone. It is the voice of the Son of God, your Advocate and mine before the Throne. And that voice full of power and pathos, sweeter than the voice of a mother, says, "Father, all this is true. But for these I wore a crown of thorns; for these I bear the marks of the nails in my hands and the spear in my side. These on earth became Thy children through faith in the blood shed for the re-

mission of the sins of which they are now accused. For the sake of that dark night on Calvary's Cross, and the blood that flowed for them, I ask that you charge their transgressions all to me and pronounce them free forevermore." And as the old Devil slinks back with a curse upon the well-beloved Son of God, the courts of heaven ring out with anthem shout as the redeemed ones sing the song which none but the redeemed of earth can learn.

Listen. "Whosoever shall confess me before men him will I confess before my Father in heaven." If you have never made that confession, may God help you to make it now.

HEAVEN

"I know not where God's lilies fair unfold
 Their pure white petals in eternal light;
I know not where the daisy's heart of gold
 Ne'er feels the chilling dews of autumn's night.

"I know not where the sunlit mountains rise
 In their calm beauty, till they almost seem
To melt into the blue of summer skies,
 And crown the brightness of the peaceful dream.

"I know not where life's river sweeps along
 That 'maketh glad the city of our God,'
Or where the 'many voices' sing the song
 Along the ways that angels have trod.

"But somewhere in the starry realms of space
 Is Heaven, with its holy age of rest;—
I only know that I shall see His face;
 And this, of all my joy, will be the best."

HEAVEN

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

THERE are more reasons than three for believing that Heaven is a reality, but there are three reasons especially strong.

First. Because it is an instinct of the human soul.

A little boy's kite was up so high it was out of sight, and a gentleman said, "How do you know it is up there? You can't see it."

"No," said the little fellow, "but I know it is there because I can feel it tug."

In some such way humanity discovered Heaven. You can feel the tug of it, the pull of it in your heart.

You can go as far back as history will take you and find that this is true. The Egyptians had a heaven they called Yaru, and you can go into the pyramids today and find inscriptions on their hoary walls that were written 3000 years before the feet of Jesus pressed the Galilean hills, addressed to the ferryman who was supposed to ferry the dead across the river into those happy fields.

Now, I don't believe that God would plant such a universal instinct or longing like that without making some provision for its realization.

If I had to be annihilated or had to go to Hell I never would want to leave this world. I don't anyhow; I would like to stay here a thousand years; but when the time comes and I have to go I want something bigger and better than anything this old world has

ever known, and if I can only be sure that this longing of mine is going to be satisfied, then it doesn't make very much difference whether I live 1000 years or die before the whistle blows tomorrow morning.

Second. Because the demands of justice call for Heaven.

Things are not fixed up as they ought to be down here. God had it that way in the first place, but man, like a fool, mixed himself in and threw the whole thing out of joint. Things are out of balance down here, and if all the heaven a man gets and all the hell a man gets he gets right here on this earth, as some sordid-minded, sin-loving individuals claim, where does justice get her due?

If there is no Heaven, what recompense did Paul have for the stones and stripes that stung him well-nigh to death, or the axe that chopped off his head; or Savanorola for the flames that licked up his blood on the square of San Marco close by the palace and the church? Is it justice that Nero and Diocletian should throw Christians to the lions and wade in innocent blood and not suffer for their crimes? Shall the Son of God be crucified and not be exalted? Justice has a word to say.

Three. Because God says that Heaven is a reality.

The whole Bible is full of it, and I would rather have God's word about a thing like this than the opinion of all the philosophical literati and scientific dignitaries in the world when they try to make you believe that God doesn't know what He is talking about.

Some people say, "Don't talk to us about Heaven; give us something practical." But since Jesus had a good deal to say about it, a sermon now and then can't be very far out of the way. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." He said, "In my Father's

house are many mansions." He said, "Rejoice that your names are written in Heaven." In Hebrews He says, "Here we have no continuing city but we seek one to come."

These three reasons ought to be enough to convince us that Heaven is indeed a reality, and some day, by His grace, it will be yours and mine to experience.

And now I want to tell you something about Heaven. Not what I know about it. I could tell you a great deal that way, because it is always the fellow who doesn't know in matters of this kind who can tell you the most. Paul was caught up into Heaven and you will recall that he found it impossible to express what he saw; but it is dead easy for the man who has never been there; he can just throw open the door and let you see the whole thing; in fact he will take the whole door off the hinges for you if you would like to have him do it. No, fancy and imagination, and speculation don't count for very much here, but God has told us not a little about Heaven, and what He has revealed it is worth our while to consider.

I. So to begin with, let me say first that HEAVEN IS A PLACE. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a *place* for you."

Canon Farrar wrote a book once and called it "Eternal Hope." He says, "Heaven is to be something rather than to go somewhere." And so Paterson Smyth says, "Heaven means a state of character rather than a place of residence." And all this is true. It is character that makes Heaven what it really is. The same thing is true of Hell. It would be better for a man to be in Hell if he could keep the proper spirit in him there than to be in Heaven and have the mind of the Devil in him, if such a thing in either case were possible. But it is not possible. If God could

send all men to Heaven, all men would be there. But a man must be fit for Heaven before he arrives.

Yes, Heaven is a state of heart and mind and soul, but it is *more* than that. It is a place of residence, too. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a Place for you." If Jesus went anywhere, He must have gone somewhere. He couldn't go nowhere. "I go to prepare a place for you." That's what He said. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and those mansions are just as real as your home down here. You can trust God to make good on His every promise.

II. The second thing to be said is that HEAVEN IS A PREPARED PLACE. "I go to *prepare* a place for you."

1. *In the first place, it is big enough.* He made it commodious. God is never embarrassed for the want of room. When He made the universe He didn't use the earth and its moon as a model. You talk about size! Why, this earth is so small it is a wonder God hasn't forgotten long ago that He ever made it. You can take an augur and bore a hole in the sun and pour 1,200,000 earths like this one into it, and still have room for 4,300,000 moons to lie around the inside edge. You think that's big, but there are some fixed stars, like Alpha Centauri for instance, that are five times bigger than the sun.

And then talk about space! The moon isn't very far away. I could walk it in 27 years if I only walked 24 miles a day. But how far do you suppose it is to the sun? 93,000,000 miles from where you are now. If you chartered a Pennsylvania Limited and "hit it off" sixty miles an hour it would take you 177 years to reach the sun.

Some distance, you say. Yes, 93,000,000 miles, but wait. In the evening you look out into the west and in all the heavens where will you find a more beautiful

object than Venus. She's almost twice as far away as the sun. But that isn't far. Do you know how fast a ray of light travels? 192,000 miles a second, they say. Well, when I finish this sermon I could jump on a ray of light, say, "Hello" to the Man in the Moon in one and one half seconds, tip my hat in four hours to the wonderful people that some people think live on Mars, take breakfast on Venus at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, and be back here again in time for a meeting at three in the afternoon. But Venus is only 159,000,000 miles away.

Next comes old Jupiter, 385,000,000 miles away; giant planet of the skies, champion of the starry world with his four moons and two big belts of shining vapor. But he is only our next door neighbor.

Yonder in the southeast is old Saturn with her rings that had Galileo guessing so—twice as far away as Jupiter. If you were fired out of a Krupp gun you would travel fifteen miles a minute and it would take you 111 years to drop down on the shores of that far away prodigious luminary. She's 790,000,000 miles from the earth.

And then away out yonder on the very frontier of the universe too far for the naked eye to see is old Neptune. It would take Lindbergh flying 100 miles an hour 3000 years to go to Neptune with her satellites. She goes on her tireless journey around the sun and makes it once in 165 years. She is 3,000,000,000 (three billions) miles away. Do you know how much a billion is? If you count 100 miles a minute it would take you 57 years counting day and night to count the miles to Neptune.

But Neptune isn't far away. They have just discovered the Trans-Neptunian planet, nearly 2,000,000,000 miles farther away than Neptune. But that

isn't far. The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is ten times farther, and the North Star is 14 times farther away than Alpha Centauri. Just a little over 400,000,000,000 miles. Lindy could make it in 409,000,000 years.

But that isn't far at all. If light travels 186,000 miles, not an hour, not a minute, but *a second*, how long do you suppose it takes the light that shines from Betelgeuse to get here? 150 years! Figure it up! 880,000,000,000,000,000 (quadrillion) miles! !

Talk about space! Why, the whole solar system, sun, moon and all the planets, is flying straight ahead this very second through space 18 times faster than a ball shot from a cannon. Where are we going? Straight north toward Lyra, and every second the clock ticks off we are ten miles nearer that beautiful star. We've made 150 miles since I just told you.

How long have we been going? I don't know; ever since God made the universe.

When will we get there?

I don't know.

Who conceived all this? God! God! God! God! Oh, that a poor little, puny, pigmy, foolish infidel will dispute about the fact that there is a God and find fault with God's plan of salvation, and other things that came out of His infinite mind. I sometimes wonder if an infidel ever looked through a telescope.

There's plenty room, and if any more is needed God can send his surveying angels out and throw His boundary line around a few sextillion square miles more. There's room for the millions that have gone, and for the billions and trillions that may go yet if the Lord delays His coming. "In my Father's house are many mansions,"—"many rooms" is what it really says, and there's room enough.

2. *In the second place, Heaven is full of beauty.*

God made it beautiful. The Bible doesn't go into detail, but it tells us enough to let us know that beauty in Heaven has reached its perfection.

A little Swedish girl was walking with her father under the starry sky, and looking up, she said, "Father, if the wrong side of Heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

God loves the beautiful, or He wouldn't have put so much of it in this world. Who painted the butterfly's wing with its gorgeous hues? Who threw around the setting sun her evening drapery of a thousand living colors? Who put the red on the robin's breast? From whose palette were the colors mixed that gave the rose its blushing charm, and touched the lily with its dreamy white? Who taught the raindrop to take a ray of light from Heaven's shining orb and pencil it on the sky in one huge arch of bewildering elegance? God did it all. He made everything beautiful, and only sin has marred it, but in Heaven you'll find God's beauty at its best.

John got a glimpse of it one day from his lonely island and tried to tell us about it, but the best he could do was to use a few symbols our poor little minds could understand, and he said, "The walls are of Jasper, the foundations garnished with precious stones, every gate a pearl, and the city is of pure gold."

I have heard of a little girl blind from birth on whose eyes a noted surgeon worked a successful operation, and as the entrancing glories of this earth rolled into her vision she ran into her mother's arms and said, "Oh Mama, why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?" And the mother wiped her tears of joy away and said, "My precious child, I tried to tell you but I couldn't do it." And one day when we go sweeping through those gates of pearl and catch our first vision

of the enrapturing beauty all around us, I think we'll hunt up the beloved John and say, "Why didn't you tell us it was so beautiful?" And John will say, "I tried to tell you when I wrote the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of Revelation after I got my vision, but I couldn't do it."

And this is the Heaven that Christ has gone to prepare for you and for me and for the least of them that believe on Him. He has made it beautiful.

3. Next, let me say that HEAVEN IS A COMFORTABLE PLACE.

This old world of ours would be a mighty fine place if it wasn't for so many things that curse and blight and damn it. If it wasn't for that, God might transfer His headquarters and bring His angels here. But in Heaven all these things are unknown.

There'll be no grinding toil; no heavy burdens to weigh down tired shoulders; no sweat shops with the dim light and foul air. There will be no trouble in Heaven, and "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal." There will be no sickness there; no suffering and no death. No gasping for breath and failing to get it; the cheeks will never turn pale and the eyes will never set in glassy stare. There will be no crepe to hang on the door; there no undertaker will ever come to screw down the coffin lid, and there will be no hearse to back up to the front door; there will be no heart-breaking moments when the coffin is lowered and the clods go falling down; for, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

What a place Heaven must be! Big, Beautiful, Comfortable!

III. The third thing to be said is that Heaven is not

only a Place, and a Prepared Place, but IT IS A BUSY PLACE.

A Heaven where we didn't have anything to do but sit by the side of crystal seas and pearly streams and gaze forever on the eternal beauty and dazzling effulgence about us would be too ghostly. It would be too senseless and insipid. That'll do for some old monk or idle dreamer, but I wouldn't want to go there.

I read the other day the Epitaph of a Tired Woman:

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a place where help wasn't hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
And everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems forever are ringing;
But having not voice, I'll get rid of the singing.
Don't weep for me now, don't weep for me ever;
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

But that's not Heaven. There is going to be something doing in Heaven all the time. And that sort of a Heaven would soon become monotonous even to a poor tired woman like that, although she may not think so now, and she would soon be asking the Lord for something to do.

Just what work you'll have to do, what errands you'll have to run, what ministries of love you'll have to perform, and just what studies He'll illumine your mind for I do not know, but Heaven is not a place of idleness whatever else it is.

IV. Let me say once more, that HEAVEN IS A PLACE OF COMMUNION AND SOCIAL ACTIVITY. There will be no liars in Heaven; no gamblers, no libertines, no murderers, no backbiters, no gossipers and meddlers in other people's business; but only the pure in heart,

the noble and the loving will be there and we shall enjoy their society forever.

Christ will be there, and it seems to me I shall never get through looking at Him. And I'll thank Him because He redeemed me, and because He let me preach, and I'll tell Him I'm sorry I didn't do it better; He knows how hard I have tried and how often I have miserably failed.

And then the loved ones will be there. Shall we know each other? How can any one doubt it who believes in God at all?

X Certainly I shall meet again the one God gave me for a helpmate here, and certainly I shall meet again my dear old mother who went away with her furrowed cheeks and her silver hair, and I'll feel the touch of her blessed hand again on my head and hear her say, "My precious boy, I'm so glad to see you."

And I'll say, "Where is sister Kate, and brother Frank and brother George; did you have any trouble finding them?"

"No, Jesus had it all arranged; they're out on some errand now and will soon be back."

And father will be there too, and we will all go out and sit down in some bright restful spot together and what a time of reunion that will be.

V. In the last place let me say, HEAVEN IS AN ETERNAL PLACE.

Where is Nineveh? Where is Carthage? Where is Babylon? Gone! And the wild beasts roam where once their temples stood. But Heaven is a city whose builder and maker is God, and whose foundations shall never crumble away. Paul says, "We have no continuing city here, but we look for one to come," and that City, thank God, will continue forever and ever and ever.

Where is Heaven? In some bright expanse of God's great, glorious, boundless universe.

You know, there is only one place in the sky that is not studded with stars. It's up in the north. There is a rift in the constellation called the Swan, an empty place, with million of stars all around it but none in the rift. Our solar system, you know, is only one of many, and you'll remember that I told you we were speeding, this whole solar system, of ours, straight north at a terrific rate—18 times faster than a ball fired from a cannon— And where are we going? We're going straight for the rift in the constellation of the Swan.

I wonder if Heaven is up there in the north, in the rift among the stars of the Swan. A friend in Canada wrote to Dr. Bieber and said, "Bieber, do you think that is the way to Heaven?" and I heard Dr. Bieber at the Winona Lake Bible Conference say, "Yes, I do; Heaven is up in the north where the rift is among the stars."

He quoted Job 26:7, "He stretched out the north over the empty place." And Isaiah 14:13, "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, in the sides of the north." I am not so sure about his Scripture, but it's a very beautiful conjecture anyhow. Yet we can leave that all with the Lord.

You say it is so far away. Not so far. Listen,

"Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Oh, it doesn't take long. You close your eyes here and you open them there. If we are traveling north now at the rate of ten miles a second, how long do you think the flight of the soul will be?

And now before we stop there is one thing we must make sure of, and that is, How we can make sure of Heaven.

Some one has said, you know, that when we get to Heaven there will be three surprises. First, to see some people there we didn't expect to see. And I expect that's so. Second, not to see some people there we did expect to see. And I expect that's so.

The third surprise, it is said, and the greatest surprise of all will be to find our own selves there. But this is not so. To admit that would be to doubt the word of God and to belittle the sacrifice that Jesus made on my behalf. "I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." I would be surprised to find myself in Hell, but I don't expect to be surprised to find in Heaven that Jesus has kept His promise to redeem me and to "keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

But there's never a promise without a condition; and when Jesus Christ promises me eternal life in the glory world it is not just on the ground that I must merit it by being good and true and kind and pure. He expects me to be all that, but what's the meaning of that gruesome scene just outside Jerusalem's wall 1900 years ago? It was Christ dying for the sins of the world, dying for you and for me because we have not always been good and true and kind and pure.

Sin is a transgression of the law of God, and you have broken that law and I have broken that law;

10,000 times we've broken it. I think I can understand why a sinful life like mine calls for the work that Christ did for me on Calvary. I can understand how God's holy law must be vindicated, and how all the essential attributes of His divine nature must be satisfied, and how, therefore, "Christ tasted death for every man," and tasted death for me.

But whether I can fully sound the depths of it all or not, God has not left us in doubt that this is the way to heaven. Not by any works that I might do, but by my faith in the Christ of the Cross and the work He did for me there. "Not by works," says Paul, "lest any man should boast; but by grace are ye saved, through faith."

"Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace divine!
And love beyond degree!"

"So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged Cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown."

Say what you will, my friend, death is not an easy thing to face when you're "without hope and without God in the world." But no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death bed. But how sad it is to think of how some men die.

Hobbes, the notorious infidel, said, "I'm taking a fearful leap into the dark."

Mirabeau cried, "Give me more laudanum; I don't want to think of eternity."

Contrast that with the death a firm believer in Jesus Christ. Indeed, for such an one there is no death:

It is simply a transition, the opening of a gateway, through the merits of Christ, into a richer, fuller, more abundant life.

In the eventime, you know, the shepherd leads the sheep home, and if you contrast the death of one who is without Christ today with a Christian's dying, the difference is to be seen just in that. The one is going, he knows not whither, but he is not going home. At best it is a strange, dark land into which he enters with bewildered steps. But the Christian, thank God, at eventide the Shepherd leads him home. One day for you and one day for me the journey will begin and we will say, "Whither now?" and the Great Shepherd of the sheep will say, "Home."

You know the sailors when they meet each other are accustomed to saying, "What cheer?" And they tell us of an old pilot who was on his dying bed. He had held his pilot's commission for nearly seventy years and for almost all that time he was an earnest follower of Jesus Christ. A fellow seaman came to see him often and would always greet him with the words "What cheer?" During the last two days of the old pilot's illness this fellow-sailor came and said, "What cheer?"

And the old pilot replied, "The homeland heaves in sight."

The next morning the question came again, "What cheer?"

"Rounding the Cape; almost in," came the feeble response.

They thought his mind was wandering and that in his imagination he was on the sea, but in the late afternoon as the question came again, "What cheer?" the old pilot said with quivering lip,

"In port; let the anchor go."

And the anchor was slipped and the old pilot was
"in port," home at last.

Listen; "I go to prepare a Place for you." God
help you to set your face in that direction tonight.

HELL

"I cannot tell how evil first began,
Or why, through all the mystery of the world
It runs its course, and all creation groans
In bondage, panting, struggling to be free.
I cannot tell if it shall cease to be,
Or when, or how, the final victory won,
The conquering Christ shall yield His throne of
God;
Or if the conquest shall destroy the works
Of sin and death, or leave them as they are,
His curse upon them. All I know is this—
That God is holy, and His righteous wrath
Must fall forever on the soul that sins;
That God is Love, and willeth not the death
Or here, or there, of any soul of man."

Plumptre.

HELL

"And these shall go away into eternal punishment."—Matthew 25:46.

IT is not a very popular doctrine, the one to be considered at this time. It is a subject that has created a whirlpool of endless controversy.

Hell is, of course, a reality. There can be no dispute about that. "I hate the very thought of hell," said a cultured lady one day. Well, so do all the rest of us, and the writer does not feel very kindly toward the Devil for having made it necessary. But neither the writer's feeling nor the lady's can argue either the Devil or Hell out of existence. I hate the penitentiary, the electric chair, and the hangman's noose, and I hate adultery, and theft, and murder, and all the loathsome sins that send men to these places, but all these things are hideous realities just the same.

If ever there was a shout in the Devil's headquarters it must have been when he reported to his minions gathered there how he had induced certain preachers on this earth to believe that God didn't mean exactly what He said; and how he, the Devil, had drawn a darkened veil about their understanding, and so led them to believe and to proclaim from the pulpit the devilish doctrine that Hell is only a myth, and that God is so loving and kind that no matter what men believe or how they live it will be all-right some day in the Sweet Bye and Bye. If ever there was a shout among the demons it must have been then.

We have just been treated to a symposium on this rather disagreeable theme by quite a number of distinguished theologians together with a few scientists and writers of equal note. The reflections of these gentlemen, given to us in a volume entitled, "What is Hell?" are quite unanimous as to the reality of the thing, but their conceptions of reality as related to it are as widely divergent as they can be within the range of possibility.

They range all the way from the conventional idea of physical suffering, as sponsored by Abbot Butler, writing for Roman Catholicism, to the empirical view of disillusionment and spiritual despair that finds its reality, according to Prof. Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, "in the diurnal life lived on this earth under the sky so actual, so uncaring, and so blue."

Prof. James Moffatt of Union Theological Seminary, who clarified (?) the Bible by translating it into modern speech, thinks "annihilation of the wicked hardly has so much evidence against it in the message of Christianity as some appear to take for granted."

Sir Oliver Lodge thinks that spiritual evolution may continue even in hell because "The idea of everlasting continuance of any one state is contrary to all our experience"; while Dr. W. R. Inge, Dean of Saint Paul's in London, thinks the conventional ideas of this matter are "cheap and frivolous." He knows there is a Hell, "for," says he, "we have been there, or very near to it;" a state of soul which must end in "final ruin," and further than this the "gloomy" Dean does not seemingly care to commit himself.

The symposium presents an interesting study, if not a largely helpful one.

One of the writers (Dr. W. E. Orchard of London,

minister of the King's Weigh House Church) does well to remind us that after all, "We can only stand by what has been revealed." And this is true.

Some of the writers in this symposium remind me of the colored man who listened to his pastor as he painted in vivid colors what he conceived to be the awful condition of the lost; and finally the brother got up and said, "Hol' on, pastor, you'se gwine jes a bit too far; if hell's as bad as you say, the people jes natur'ly wouldn't stan fer it."

But Hell, whatever else it may be, is not going to be a *vox populi* affair. We must "stand by what has been revealed," and while much that has been written is little less than a much to be deplored caricature of what Christ has really taught about this weighty matter, we must not lose sight of the fact that, as the writer last quoted has said, "No natural or spiritual considerations overthrow, and nothing in modern psychology disproves the orthodox doctrine of hell, nor diminishes the gravity of Christ's teaching on the subject; and, therefore, nothing removes from the realm of possibility a peril against which every soul must be warned to guard itself by salutary fear, lively faith, and the cultivation of love toward God and man."

I don't want to preach an untruth. I don't want to proclaim the cunningly devised speculations of human ingenuity. I don't want to give to the souls that wait on my ministry any theories about this matter that are man-made, and spun always out of a man's own brain like the web of a spider out of his own belly. I would rather be a little bit out of date than be out of harmony, even a little bit, with the abiding, eternal Word of God.

One thing let us be clear about. Hell was never made for a human soul. The Bible says very distinctly

that it was "prepared for the Devil and his angels." To follow the Devil is, of course, to go with him to the place prepared for him. But this no man is compelled to do.

"Though God be good and free be heaven,
 No force divine can love compel;
 Though song of sins forgiven
 Sound to the lowest hell.
 The sweet persuasion of his voice
 Respects thy sacred will;
 He giveth day, thou hast thy choice,
 To walk in darkness still."

WHY WE BELIEVE HELL IS A REALITY

There are five reasons, briefly stated, for so believing.

1. It is the natural and inevitable consequence of sin. Sin damns just as surely as water drowns or fire burns. Your sins are like the threatening storm that gathers above you and one day they will strike you with the lightning of their own revenge. They are like the dogs of Acteon, and they will hunt you down.

Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. No man plants melon seeds expecting to dig potatoes. Punishment for sin follows after it as naturally and as certainly as pain follows when you inflict a wound upon your body.

2. God owes it to the righteous that the wicked be separated from them in the world to come. There are some people in your community whom you do not invite into your home because you do not consider them to be fit associates for your virtuous wife or lovely daughter. And for God to suffer the vile and the unholy, the murderer, the adulterer, the reprobate, men

who have defied God and despised the Atonement and mocked at decency to enter into and dwell eternally in the society of the pure and Christ-loving children of the Faith would be an outrage on justice and an insult to His honor.

3. The moral government of God's universe demands that the wicked be punished for their sins hereafter. If the doors of our penal institutions were flung open and the motley gang of the vile and vicious allowed to run loose in society, the very people who are objecting to punishment in the society to come would be the very first to decry such wholesale amnesty here.

A law-breaker isn't entitled to the same liberty as a law-abiding individual neither here nor hereafter, and what we concede to be proper here in this respect we certainly cannot with consistency deny to the moral government of the universe hereafter.

4. It is needed to restrain men from sin. Take away the penalty for wrongdoing and you will lift the flood-gates of iniquity. Take away the fear of the rope and the electric chair and no man's life would be safe.

Now, if the fear of punishment has a restraining influence on men and women in this life, isn't it reasonable to suppose that to some degree it will work the same effect for the life to come? If it is reasonable to hold out the hope of heaven as a reward for well-doing, it is just as reasonable to hold out the fear of Hell as a penalty for wrongdoing.

It was A. C. Dixon who said, "If we had more preaching of Hell in the pulpit we would have less practice of hell in the community."

5. God's Word says there is a Hell, and this for the child of faith is after all the biggest reason for believing it.

Listen: "Then shall He say unto them on His left

hand, 'Depart from me, ye accursed, into eternal fire prepared for the Devil and his angels.' " (Matthew 25:41.)

Again: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with eternal destruction from the face of the Lord and from the glory of His power." (II Thessalonians 1:9.)

And again: "And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and the books were opened, and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Revelation, 20:12,15.)

And so on I could quote endlessly from the Word of God.

Yes, there is a Hell, and that is more certain than it is that when you lie down to sleep tonight you will wake up tomorrow morning. I know you can find some people who have outgrown this antiquated creed, as they call it,—new-thought theologians, dream-enamored poets, and sentimental preachers—but one thing is sure, they never changed their front on this matter because of anything they ever read in the Word of the living God.

WHAT IS HELL?

And now some one inquires as to the nature of Hell. What kind of a place is it? Science is helpless here, although it is trying today as never before to penetrate the darkness and the mystery with which even the Word of God enshrouds the Great Beyond.

There are three general views of this matter, each

with indisputable evidence in its favor according to its proponents; (a) the theory of Conditional Immortality, (b) the theory of Universalism, (c) the theory of Everlasting Torment.

1. The theory of Conditional Immortality means simply that all souls who fail of eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ are punished by annihilation, which in turn means that they cease to be—they go out of existence. Immortality is a conditional thing and depends upon faith in Jesus Christ. "He that hath the Son hath life," they quote, and without the Son there is no life, no immortality, they say. The soul given over to everlasting destruction is destroyed; the chaff, burned up with "unquenchable fire," is consumed.

Of course this teaching contradicts straight out the wide-spread Christian belief in the essential immortality of every soul, which seems to be not only the testimony of numerous passages in the Word of God, but is the testimony which comes from science as well, so far as science is capable of dealing with the subject matter under discussion.

The Bible teaches that a man is to be judged according to his works. This means, of course, that for the wicked man there are degrees of punishment, as well as degrees of reward for the righteous man. But if the wicked are to be annihilated, then they are all to be judged exactly alike, and this is very clearly a contradiction of what the Word of God has to say about it.

Annihilation is most certainly not an acceptable theory of future punishment. The best that can be said about it is that it is a comforting conjecture to escape from what the unbelieving fear is something far more serious.

2. The theory of Universalism means that all men shall at length be saved. This does not mean that there is no punishment for sin in the hereafter, but only that this punishment does not last forever for anybody.

This theory is attractive. One almost wishes that it might be true. Nor can we deny that there are some passages of Scripture which, though we are convinced that their clearest interpretation points to something other than Universalism, seem to lend encouragement to the thought of what some one has called, "the mysterious hopefulness of Scripture as to the final triumph of good."

They would have us believe that the rigid and yet loving discipline of God cannot forever go without avail. So resourceful is His power, they say, so enduring His love, and so exhaustless His patience that some day, though it be in the ages of the far away future, the most incorrigible will worship in glad obedience before His throne.

This sounds finely enough, as we have already said, but there are seemingly two objections to it.

(a) In the first place, how are you going to reconcile it with the scientific doctrine of the tendency toward fixity in human character?

(b) In the second place, it quite ignores or explains away most unsatisfactorily the sterner and more awful portions of Scripture that apparently contradict it.

3. There is still left the third theory, that of Endless Punishment.

The soul of finer sentiment hesitates just here. It does not relish the morbid curiosity that seeks to know in detail what must be the awful fate of those whose persistence in sin has seemingly placed them beyond

the possibility of restoration forever. Is it not enough to know that the Judge of all the earth will do right?

We can think of some things that tend somewhat to excuse the great souls of other centuries for the unwarranted and unworthy misconceptions with which they depicted the future condition of the lost soul, but it has long been time for such teaching to be everlastingly forgotten.

"Put your finger in the candle," said John Wesley; "can you bear it for one minute? How, then, will you bear to have your whole body plunged into a lake of fire burning with brimstone!"

Charles Finney spoke of "waves of rolling fire into which lost sinners are thrown who lash its burning shores and gnaw their tongues for pain."

Even pious Thomas a Kempis pictured the miser with melted gold being poured down his throat. And as for Jonathan Edwards, no wonder the people fainted when he preached his famous sermon on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," if they believed what he preached to be the truth. He pictured Hell as a place where every spot was hotter than the other, and he spoke of vast billows of fire rolling over the sinner's head, while his eyes and mouth and hands and feet and loins and vitals were full of glowing melting fire.

Now, let us make a brief examination of the matter. Two verses will help us here.

One of these verses is Revelation 21:8, "The unbelieving shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Some think that we have here a basis for belief in physical, bodily punishment.

It would seem from what the Scriptures have to say of the resurrection that the unbelieving and, therefore,

unsaved man is not going to be a disembodied spirit in the world to come. If one finds himself in Hell, one thing is seemingly sure; he will have a body there just the same as the saint will have a body in heaven. It will be the body of the resurrection, and in this body of the damned, whatever its nature is to be, the guilty sinner, many are inclined to believe, is going to suffer in a physical, bodily way all the torment which his wicked and unholy life has brought upon him.

I am not inclined to think the Word of God compels one to take this position. It might be well to remember just here that when Dives said, "I am tormented in this flame," he did not have his resurrection body with him. This certainly ought to be enough to prove that the "flame" and the "fire" and the "brimstone" need not be taken, indeed cannot be, taken in a literal sense; for what affinity can such thing have with an immaterial spirit, as was the case with Dives?

This does not rob these things of their reality. It does not take away their terror, and I rather agree with the old preacher. A coarse, unbelieving wit asked him where he was going to get all the brimstone necessary to make an orthodox hell, and the old man's wise reply was, "Every man will furnish his own brimstone."

The second verse is Mark 9:48, and here it is stated that where the damned are tormented, "their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

Now, what does this "worm" and this "fire" mean? Does the worm mean that some horrid, fiery-eyed, centepede-like creeping-thing will strike its fangs into the naked flesh of the writhing, shuddering sinner? No, the worm means the scorpion sting of memory.

And the fire? Does the fire mean the scorching flames that sometimes wrap us here in their merciless

arms? No, the fire means the biting remorse of a guilty conscience.

Abraham said to the rich man in Hades, "Son, remember." Oh man, if you persist in going to Hell there is one thing you can count on—you will take your memory with you, and that alone will strike ten thousand scorpion stings into your soul.

The murderer will recall the ghastly face and the oozing blood; the gambler will recall the ruined victim of his vice; the seducer will remember the innocent spoil of his ungodly passion; the blasphemer will remember the dishonored use of God's holy Name; the Christ rejector will remember the fresh red of the bloody sacrifice; and all this memory, like a fanged serpent of hell, will strike its pitiless sting so deep into the soul that any other punishment would be a blessing if it could only bring forgetfulness. But there are no magic waters of Lethe in Hell where one can bathe and forget.

And then conscience will add its fuel to the flame. The fires that burn the soul are hotter than any which consume the body. Oh, the remorse of it all! To think of what might have been, and yet to find one's self in hell! Torn from the loved ones, banished from the presence of God, with every craving lust denied, with memory quickened and all life's damning mistakes recalled, and conscience, like a tormenting devil, striking terror to the guilty soul;

"Dying perpetually, yet never dead;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still!"

If this be not Hell, there can be none. And may God, oh man, save you from it!

But a moment, now, with the couplet we have just quoted. Is it true?

We have been talking of the third general theory of future punishment, that of Everlasting Torment. We have discussed somewhat at length the nature of this punishment, and are now at the place where something ought to be said as to its length.

HOW LONG DOES HELL ENDURE?

Again we ask, Is the couplet true;

"Dying perpetually, yet never dead;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still!"

It would seem to be true, much as one's own heart might like to answer otherwise.

Referring the reader once more to what was said in the discussion of the question, "Is there Hope after Death?" (page 85), we remind you that we have in mind now not the man who in ignorance of the true God bows down to wood and stone, nor even yet to the one whose impoverished existence, whose cramped and dingy life brought him little, if any, opportunity for appreciating the kind of a Saviour that Jesus really is.

But the man who in this life, with the fullest knowledge of Christ, deliberately and wilfully rejects Him, and persists in such a disposition of rebellion and unbelief, for such an one there would seem to be no hope in the hereafter: And this for two reasons;

1. The first of these reasons is that a life of continued wilful sin logically leads to endlessness in punishment. The longer a man goes on in sin the deeper down he goes in sin. It is possible for a man to go on in sin until his disposition to repent is gone. And when this is the case what encouragement can be given to such a man that he will ever want to turn, or ever

be able to turn to Christ in this life or in any other? And what is left for such a man but an endless Hell?

It was Jesus Himself who said of certain people, "Therefore, they *could not* believe." The power to believe was gone as well as the disposition to believe. Sin breeds a moral ulcer in the soul, and we must not forget that there is such a thing as fixity of human character.

The other reason for believing in endless punishment *for such an individual* is that something at least closely approaching this is seemingly the indisputable testimony of the Word of God. Jesus said, "The wicked shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life."

The word "eternal" is "aeonian." It comes from the noun "aion," from which we get our "aeon," which means age, epoch, or a long period of time. The word in itself does not necessarily mean "everlasting," but both in the classic Greek of Plato and Aristotle, and in the New Testament, as well as in the Greek translation of the Old Testament (the Septuagint), it is the one word that is used when the idea of "endlessness" is meant to be conveyed, and it must be so construed unless the context, or the word it modifies, demands otherwise.

Then, too, the same word being used in both clauses of the verse under examination, it would appear that if the eternal punishment is not endless neither is the eternal life.

Furthermore, it says in Revelation that the wicked shall be punished "unto the eternals of the eternals." That certainly is a close approach to endlessness. No wonder the early translators made it read, "forever and forever." The same expression is used eight times in the Book of Revelation about God or about Christ,

once about the glory of the redeemed, and three times about the doom of the damned.

You say it is unjust to punish a man *forever* for the sins of his *short* life here; it is all out of proportion. But, consider a moment. A man's punishment here depends on the nature of his crime, and not on the length of time it took him to commit it. You can murder a man in a minute, but the court does not give a murderer a shorter sentence than a burglar who cracks a safe. No, but society demands that the gravity of the crime must determine the gravity of the punishment. And if a man in a minute can commit a crime for which society will punish him his whole life through, or take his life away from him altogether, where is the reasonable room for complaint when a man is punished eternally for a whole lifetime of wilful sin and crime and rebellion against the righteous law of an infinitely holy God?

No; if a man, with full knowledge of Christ, deliberately tramples under his feet the whole system of redeeming love, and spurns with contempt the bleeding, dying Saviour, what likelihood is there that in the hereafter, when all the powers of the underworld hold him in their grip,—what likelihood is there that he would repent then, even if he had the chance again to do so.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

WHERE IS HELL?

If a man wants to know where Hell is located he will find next to nothing in the Bible to satisfy his curiosity. The Bible does, however, make plain some distinctions which one ought to observe in reading it.

The word "hell" is an English one. There is no

Greek equivalent for it. It is used 18 times in the King James Version. The American Revised Version has very properly left it out altogether.

It is used five times for the word "Hades." For example, Luke says, "In hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment." The Greek word here is "hades." But "hades" is not "hell." Hades is now the abode of the wicked dead waiting the Resurrection and the Judgement.

The word "hell" is used once for the word "Tartarus." Peter says, "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell to be reserved unto judgement." The Greek word here is "tartarus." But "tartarus" is not "Hell." What Hades is for the wicked dead, that Tartarus is for a certain class of fallen angels. They are reserved unto judgement.

It is used twelve times for "Gehenna." For example, Christ says in Mark, "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell." The word here is "gehenna," and this is the word which properly refers to what we understand by Hell. It is the lake of fire burning with brimstone, the place where the Devil, the Beast and the False Prophet, the fallen angels, and the finally impenitent are cast, and where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up unto the eternals of the eternals." Note also that this is not the same as the "bottomless pit." The bottomless pit is the Devil's detention place for a thousand years waiting his final doom in Gehenna, the lake of fire.

Where this lake of fire is, where Hell is, where Gehenna is we do not know, nor need we know. In some far off place of outer darkness, some far away corner of His measureless, the Almighty can make ample provision for it.

But, oh, if I could only wake you up to the awful

fact that somewhere you will live forever; to the awful fact of the eternal destiny of your immortal soul. The other day a man thought he would get out of trouble by shooting a bullet through his brain. But you can't get out of trouble that way. You'll get into more of it.

Dear old Mr. Moody used to tell us of the son who had left home because of an estrangement from his father, and who came back to the home only at the request of his dying mother. Earnestly she sought to reconcile them, but to no avail. One was quite as unforgiving as the other. Realizing at last that she was slipping away she reached out her hands and with the last bit of strength she drew the hand of the father and the hand of the son together, laid them over her heart and died. And as they looked down and saw that they had lost a precious wife and a loving mother, they raised their eyes and fell into each other's arms and were reconciled over the lifeless body of the one they so much loved.

Listen: That illustration is not fair. God has never been angry with you like that, but He has stood for years and is standing today by the side of His crucified Son, and with out-stretched arms is begging you to come and be reconciled, that He might save you and keep your soul from the awful doom that otherwise awaits it. "Be ye reconciled to God",—*now*.

Sunset and evening star
Are one clear call for me,
And may there be no mourning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide of moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam.
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Tennyson.

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